

The **A** **AMERICAN** **LEGION** *Monthly*



JOHN ERSKINE - ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

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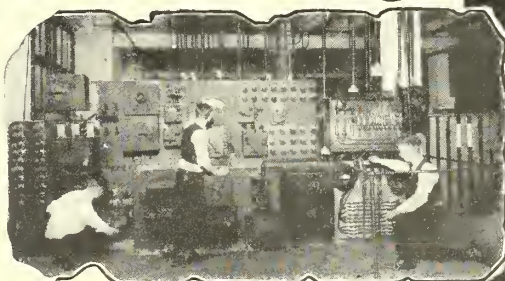
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The AMERICAN LEGION

Monthly



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THE STARS IN THE FLAG

NEW JERSEY: One of the original thirteen colonies. First settled by the Swedes along the Delaware River, and by the Dutch in northwestern part who had migrated from Holland via New Amsterdam. In 1655, Peter Stuyvesant gained control of the entire region for the Dutch. In 1664, the Dutch surrendered the colony to the English. On June 24, 1664, the Duke of York granted it to two noble friends, Berkeley and Carteret, as a proprietary province. Divided into East and West Jersey under the jurisdiction of Pennsylvania, it was reunited into a single colony in 1702, when it became a royal province of England. Population 1700, 184,139; 1926 (U. S. est.), 3,680,482. Percentage of urban population (communities of 2,500 and over), 1900, 70.6; 1910, 75.2; 1920, 78.4. Area, 8,224 sq. miles. Density of population (1925), 426.3 per sq. mile. Rank among States, 10th in



population, 45th in area, 3d in density. Capital, Trenton, (1926 U. S. est.), 134,000. Three largest cities (1926 est.), Newark, 459,000; Jersey City, 318,000; Paterson, 143,000. Estimated wealth (1923 U. S. Census), \$11,794,189,000. Principal sources of wealth (U. S. 1923), silk industry output, \$183,389,001; petroleum refining products, \$242,304,887; chemical products, \$121,301,321. Natural products: In 1920, the state's 29,702 farms yielded crops valued at \$87,484,000 in corn, wheat, oats, potatoes, rye, buckwheat, hay, fruits, cranberries, strawberries and garden truck. New Jersey had 145,005 men in the service during the World War. State motto, adopted 1776, Liberty and Prosperity. Origin of name: Carteret one of the proprietary owners named it for the Isle of Jersey, one of the British Isles, which he had administered. Nicknames, Jersey Blue, Garden State, New Spain, Mosquito.

ROBERT F. SMITH, General Manager

JOHN T. WINTERICH, Editor

PHILIP VON BLON, Managing Editor

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As the last of the Ptolomies she was the heiress of legalized license, cultured sensuality, refined cruelty, and century-long moral turpitude. But she had redeeming qualities; profligate and voluptuous as she was, she was an able statesman, knew many languages, had unusual literary tastes, imperious will, and a masculine boldness that made her one of the most remarkable women the world has ever produced.

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FAMOUS LOVERS

This is your chance to read about the famous lovers, Heloise and Abelard; about Margarida, who unsuspecting ate her lover's heart; and how the Turkish Emperor Orkham beheaded his beautiful wife Theodora before his ministers who objected because she was a Christian.

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You enter the harem with its beautiful slaves. You meet the *hetære* with whom the ancient Greeks found solace. You see the Inca Sun Virgins and the Vestal Virgins of Rome. You learn about the geisha girls of Japan.

WOMAN—TENDER AND CRUEL

On one hand you see Saint Rosalie and the miracle of roses or Lady Godiva riding naked through town to help the people. On the other the Russian countess who had water poured over nude girls to make frozen statues; the French women who sat unmoved as heads fell from the guillotine; and Empress Irene who blinded her son—yet was made a saint.

MANY CURIOUS STORIES

You read the curious stories of how Princess Eleanor proved to council she was not a leper; how Empress Eudocia was expelled from the palace almost naked; how an emperor's sister was forced to appear in court tied in a bag full of cats; and how Empress Helena buried her husband and sons with her own hands to save their bodies from the dogs.

A FEW OF THE STRANGE TALES

You will read how Emperor Theophilus chose his bride; how the Suliot women, facing dishonorable surrender, jumped to death. You will learn how two gentlemen threw dice to decide which was the father of a child of that beauty, Ninon de Lenclos; of how her son unsuspecting fell in love with her and, upon learning the truth, shot himself.

YOU MEET FAMOUS WOMEN

You meet Catherine the Great, Jeanne d'Arc, Madame du Barry, Empress Josephine, Marie Antoinette, Nell Gwyn, Messalina, Lucrezia Borgia, the Queen of Sheba, Jezebel, and hundreds upon hundreds of others.

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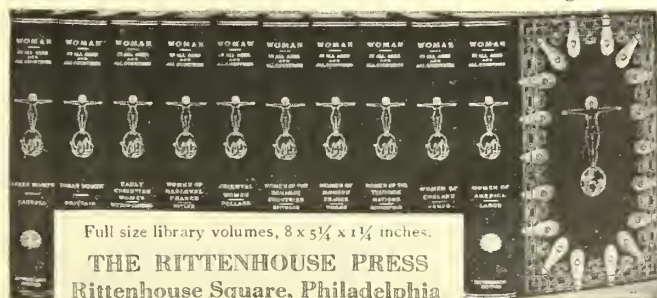
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THE MESSAGE CENTER



WHEN a man earns his living say as a dramatic critic, a taunt frequently flung at him (particularly by disgruntled playwrights) is: "It's all right for you to knock, but if you think you know so much about it why don't you try writing a play yourself?" A few seasons ago the late William Archer, for many years dramatic critic of the *London Times*, took the advice and produced not the heavy, highbrow Ibsen-Shakespeare sort of thing that everybody was expecting, but a pure melodramatic thriller called "The Green Goddess" which enjoyed the double advantage of being an excellent play and a financial success.

DOUBTLESS much the same sort of unreasonable argument had often been directed at John Erskine: "Here you've been devoting practically a generation to telling college students what's wrong and what's right with English and American literature, publishing some critical essays and a little poetry and editing a lot of books that other people wrote. Why don't you do something yourself and let those other people have a chance to say what's wrong and what's right with you?" So Professor Erskine sat him down and turned out three phenomenal best sellers in a row—"The Private Life of Helen of Troy," "Galahad" and "Adam and Eve." "Helen of Troy" has got herself into the movies (just as "The Green Goddess" did, by the way), and the world won't be startled if the other two follow. The movie magnates know what the public wants.

THE series of famous American short stories—or, more properly, short stories by Americans—which is inaugurated in this issue, each of which will be chosen and supplied with a critical introduction by Dr. Erskine, has not been selected on a competitive basis. The series will not include the ten or twenty or hundred "best" stories, but representative stories—representative of the best American literary traditions (many of them, of course, have themselves established the traditions), of the proved and substantial elements in American literature, many of them presenting definite pictures of an America of another day.

JOHN ERSKINE is one of those really rare individuals who were born in New York City. He was graduated from Columbia University in 1900, and took his A.M. and Ph.D. there—subsequently he has received an LL.D. from Norwich

University (alma mater of one Leonard H. Nason) and a Litt. D. from Amherst. From 1903 to 1909 Dr. Erskine taught at Amherst, first as instructor and later as associate professor. In 1909 he returned to Columbia, of whose English faculty he has since been a member. During the war he was given leave of absence to enable him to accept the chairmanship of the Army Education Commission, and in 1919 became educational director of the A. E. F. University at Beaune—the only college in the world where the students never wore coonskin coats. As a result of his services he was awarded the American Distinguished Service Medal and was made a chevalier of the Legion d'Honneur by France. Moreover he is an honorary citizen of Beaune. "Who's Who in America" lists nearly thirty books which he has written or edited, which shows that he has been doing something with his spare time these many years.

IT IS a happy coincidence that the first story which Dr. Erskine has selected is Washington Irving's "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." For in an issue recording the anniversaries of America's two greatest February children, it is pleasant to find represented a great American author who was named after one of the two. Washington Irving, like Dr. Erskine, was born in New York City—on April 3, 1783, not quite a hundred years previous to Dr. Erskine's original appearance—and died at Sunnyside-on-the-Hudson, near the scene of the legend, on November 28, 1850.

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS is another native New Yorker—rather he was born in Brooklyn, and Brooklyn has since become part of New York City. He began his career as an artist, studying in Paris from 1886 to 1893. His first book appeared in the latter year, and at least one book by him appeared every year from that time until 1921, with the exceptions of 1904 and 1911. The total, principally novels or collections of stories, with a few on outdoor life, now exceeds fifty. Mr. Chambers is intensely devoted to the cause of conservation of natural resources, as will be evident to the reader of the powerful argument he presents in "Think Ahead!"

AN ENEMY DEBT" is one of the last stories written by Perceval Gibbon before his death a few months ago. He was one of the best-known English short story writers, and was possessed of a

background of experience that gave him a wealth of situations. He spent many years in the merchant service on British, French and American ships, and as journalist and war correspondent traveled in South, Central and East Africa, America and Europe. During the war he was a major in the Royal Marines. Not the least among his claims to be remembered is the fact that Joseph Conrad's "Victory" was dedicated to him and Mrs. Gibbon. . . . The photograph of Goring-on-Thames which appears with Hugh Walpole's second article on America was furnished through the courtesy of the Great Western Railway of England. . . . Alexander Gardiner is a frequent contributor. Grover F. Sexton is a Chicago newspaperman with a notable record.

WITH the concluding article of Richard Washburn Child's series on the problems of national defense—"Unarmored America," which appeared in the December number—there appeared a photograph showing Clarence Chamberlin's airplane on the point of taking off from the deck of the *Leviathan*. The caption said this was "the first ship-to-shore flight ever made." Legionnaires Harlan G. Foster of Manchester, Ohio, and George E. Hornby of Valentine, Nebraska, call our attention to the fact that as long ago as 1911 Eugene Ely flew off the cruiser *Pennsylvania* in San Francisco Bay and then flew back on it. The return trip to the *Pennsylvania* on that day seventeen years ago was all the more remarkable for the reason that in those days planes were not equipped with tail skids, and a crude arrangement of ropes weighted down with sandbags which engaged grapplers attached to the plane was employed to bring the machine to a stop. The daring aviator's plane carried along all of these ropes but the last one. The error in the caption is not on Mr. Child. Neither is it on Mr. Chamberlin. It's on us.

THE March issue will contain articles by Meredith Nicholson, Clarence Budington Kelland and C. E. Scoggins, and short stories by William Slavens McNutt and Parkhurst Whitney. Beginning with March, also, an extra ration of Bursts and Duds will be issued to all customers. The March cover design will be the work of Harvey Dunn.

The Editor



\$7500 a Year

is what C. W. Birmingham of Dayton, O., now earns. Some years ago he was working in a shop for \$25 a week. N. S. T. A. helped him succeed.



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\$7286 Last Year

as compared to \$1,000 a year previously is what N. S. T. A. helped F. J. Walsh, Springfield, Mass., to earn. A former clerk, now a star salesman.



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Would You Turn Your Back On Information That Has Been Worth Thousands of Dollars To Any Number Of Men? Do You Believe That Big Pay Is Due To "Pull" And "Luck"? Read How A Remarkable Free Book Has Led These Four Men And Hundreds Of Others Into Money - Making Opportunities They Never Even Suspected Of Existing! See For Yourself How Easy It Is To Qualify For The Highest-Paid Profession In The World! Send for "Modern Salesmanship!" It Is Yours For The Asking.

Where Shall We Send Your Copy...FREE?

DON'T be misled by worn-out copy-book maxims and exploded theories. Hard work alone will *not* bring success. The four men we have chosen at random to prove this fact probably worked much harder at their low-pay routine jobs than they do today—yet their present earnings are now from two to ten times as great! They simply learned how to apply themselves along the right lines—and big pay was the inevitable result! Take Walsh of Massachusetts, for example. He was trying to support a wife and three children on less than \$1000 a year—working hard—getting nowhere. He sent for a copy of "Modern Salesmanship." Instantly he saw what was wrong with his whole scheme of existence—and how easily he could make up for lost time and take his place among the leaders! He makes over \$7000 a year now—an increase of 700% that he attributes largely to the impulse that caused him to send for this remarkable man-building, salary-raising book!

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The Free Employment Bureau maintained by this Association has helped thousands of members to real selling positions. Last year we had calls for more than 50,000 men from firms who appreciate the value of N. S. T. A. training. The opportunities in the selling profession are boundless—your earnings are limited only by your own willingness to apply the skill and knowledge derived from your contact with this Association.



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THINK AHEAD!

By Robert W. Chambers

THE two most important problems for this nation to solve, perhaps, are: How to grow forests sufficient for the national needs; how to prevent pollution of all inland and coastal waters.

A sure sign of the decadence of a people is the decadence of their forests. Look at your maps of Europe, Asia and Africa. Where forests fail, people fail.

It is scarcely worth repeating that, as a race, we have been generous to the point of extravagance and waste. Generous to ourselves, to the stranger; careless to posterity.

Do the best we can to repair our fault, our children and their children are to suffer from this sort of careless generosity.

Today we are using and wasting far more timber than we are growing. Tomorrow our children must face a denuded continent where springs fail, waterways shrink to the dry bones of rivers.

This is the result of our careless, shiftless generosity to ourselves and to strangers. A sorry heritage to our children.

It takes God a hundred years to grow a white pine. It takes a jackass ten minutes to fell it.

It requires centuries to clothe a mountain with noble foliage. A fool and his cigarette can set it afire and destroy it in a day.

We Americans are accustomed to look facts in the face. It may take us time, but, ultimately, we come to it.

The nation is already looking; but it sees nothing. When it does see it is going to be shocked.

Now we are a people reputed to be homeloving and fond of our wives and children. Yet do we live for our children? We think we do. No parents are so indulgent as American parents.

The truth is that we live for ourselves and for the pleasure of being indulgent and self-sacrificing. Stupidly so.

Not one in ten thousand among us has thought to build for the remote future and for the good of children, their children—for the general good.

That prudence, that good citizenship, that human obligation few of us ever have considered or practiced. After us the deluge. That's what it amounts to, though we don't admit it.

Well, we must be educated in a wider humanity, and learn a nobler wisdom; or let our race weaken and perish.

Pure water, pure air, fertile fields, perennial forests, flood-control—these rightfully are our children's heritage. Upon these depends the virility and power of our nation. It is for us to guard what remains to us; to recover what has been lost to us by our own folly.

Somewhere, and immediately, a beginning must be made. We have already national forests, state forests, a few city, town, and communal stretches of woodland—a few game refuges, bird sanctuaries—all these make but a pin-point on the denuded map of North America.

Every State should own and control its own revenue-producing forest. The United States should control and guarantee the purity of all interstate waterways and coastal waters. They belong to the people; who poisons them poisons the nation.

Today fish and game are one of the important items of the people's food supply in Great Britain and on the Continent. Today the sale of game is prohibited in the United States. Forests gone, waters poisoned or dried up—these are the shameful reasons why the New World forbids traffic in its wretched remnants of wild game.

A hundred years ago the markets were glutted with wild game—grouse, quail, wild turkeys, wild pigeons, venison, hares, rabbits. For a few cents a family might dine as wholesomely and

well as any monarch in his palace.

Today all is gone—wasted—ended. Ask your wives what they pay today to butcher, fishdealer, grocer. Yet, in my time, I have seen a bushel-basket full of wild pigeons sold for fifty cents in Fulton Market; a haunch of venison sold for three dollars; a wild turkey at five cents a pound; wild mallard duck at a dollar a pair. But we have drained and "reclaimed" our marshes—not that we make any use of them—and the mallard have few refuges and little food. And the wild pigeon in its billions has been slaughtered, and the beech-woods where it nested have been felled; and there are no more wild pigeons in North America.

Now forests are necessary not only to give us timber for commercial use and for fuel—not only to help purify the air, control floods, store up moisture which keeps our springs and streams from drying up, offer food and shelter for wild game and the useful quadrupeds and birds—but to conserve and aid the fertility of the fields which grow our crops and feed our cattle.

Early in 1700 Admiral Sir Peter Warren wrote from New York to his nephew, the great Sir William Johnson, who was superintending Sir Peter's vast estate in the Mohawk Valley, warning young Johnson to respect trees, never to fell one without reason, and to see that every field and meadow was bounded by rows of trees.

THE old admiral knew, in the eighteenth century, what we have not yet learned—trees help fertility, conserve moisture, temper climate, and purify the air.

To our forefathers the vast black forest was a menace—a giant to conquer, and from which to wrest a little stretch of sunny land on which grain might be grown to keep alive the pioneer.

It is, possibly, for this reason that a national disrespect for forests still prevails among us. We, perhaps, inherit it.

The time is come when we must alter our opinion and behavior. How to begin?

Every farm has upon it land unsuitable for crops or pasture—idle, fallow land not worth fertilizing and working. Let us suppose that two young people, children of farmers, arrive at marriageable age, marry, and prepare for life together.

You can't expect them to realize, unless told, that their duty to unborn children begins at the altar. But it does. Perhaps they themselves have had little or nothing with which to begin married life. It will be a hard grind and heavy. Well then, let them see to it that their children have a nest egg to start with—something with which to begin life in their turn.

Perhaps they can lay aside nothing—no savings for their children or even for themselves. Yet there is an instant investment they can make for themselves and for their children—an investment which ultimately will give them an income, and leave the principal and further income for their children to inherit.

What is it? Trees. Trees planted by the thousands upon that waste and otherwise useless land now given over to weeds.

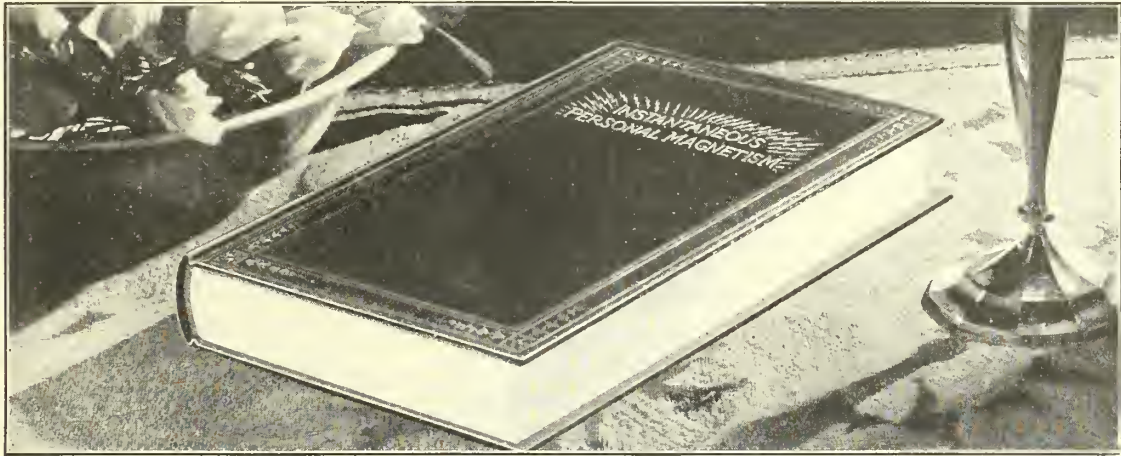
For a few dollars they can purchase ten or twenty or thirty thousand pine transplants, and set them with little trouble.

White pine is best and most valuable. Red pine is next. Swampy land can be set with larch—tamarack, acorns and nuts, maple, ash, can be drilled in. Their children—if not they—should live to see good oak and hickory from seed—trees offering a revenue in fruit—as well as timber.

But the main object is the pine, costly, useful, in vast demand, and swiftly disappearing from America. Ask your lumber dealer what white pine or red brings—what he (Continued on page 68)

This Singular Book Wields a Strange Power Over Its Readers

Giving them a MAGNETIC PERSONALITY almost instantly!



Will You Read It 5 Days FREE—to Prove It Can Multiply Your Present Income?

A STRANGE book! A book that seems to cast a spell over every person who turns its pages!

A copy of this book was left lying on a hotel table for a few weeks. Nearly 400 people saw the book—read a few pages—and then sent for a copy!

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Why are men and women so profoundly affected by this book?—so anxious to get a copy? The answer is simple. The book reveals to them for the first time how any man or woman—old or young

—can develop a Magnetic Personality *instantly!* It explains how to gain *overnight* the personal charm that attracts countless friends—the self-confidence that insures quick success in any business or profession.

It tells how to draw people to you at once, irresistibly—how to be popular everywhere, in any society—how to overcome almost at once any timidity or self-consciousness you may have—how to be a magnet of human attraction, popular and well-liked wherever you go!

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WHAT I THINK OF PELMANISM- By Judge Ben B. Lindsey

PELMANISM is a big, vital, significant contribution to the mental life of America. I have the deep conviction that it is going to strike at the very roots of individual failure, for I see in it a new power, a *great* driving force.

I first heard of Pelmanism while in England on war work. Sooner or later almost every conversation touched on it, for the movement seemed to have the sweep of a religious conviction. Men and women of every class and circumstance were acclaiming it as a new departure in mental training that gave promise of ending that *preventable* inefficiency which acts as a brake on human progress. Even in France I did not escape the word, for thousands of officers and men were *Pelmanizing* in order to fit themselves for return to civil life.

When I learned that Pelmanism had been brought to America, by Americans for Americans, I was among the first to enroll. My reasons were two: first, because I have always felt that every mind needed regular, systematic and scientific exercise, and secondly, because I wanted to find out if Pelmanism was the thing that I could recommend to the hundreds who continually ask my advice in relation to their lives, problems and ambitions.

Failure is a sad word in any language, but it is peculiarly tragic here in America, where institutions and resources join to put success within the reach of every individual. In the twenty years that I have sat on the bench of the Juvenile Court of Denver, almost every variety of human failure has passed before me in melancholy procession. By *failure* I do not mean the merely criminal mistakes of the individual but the faults of training that keep a life from full development and complete expression.

Pelmanism the Answer

It is to these needs and these lacks that Pelmanism comes as an answer. The "twelve little gray books" are a remarkable achievement. Not only do they contain the discoveries that science knows about the mind and its workings, but the treatment is so simple that the truths may be grasped by anyone of average education.

In plain words, what Pelmanism has done is to take psychology out of the college and put it into harness for the day's work. It lifts great, helpful truths out of the back water and plants them in the living stream.

As a matter of fact, Pelmanism ought to be the beginning of education instead of a remedy for its faults. First of all, it teaches the science of self-realization;



JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

Judge Ben B. Lindsey is known throughout the whole civilized world for his work in the Juvenile Court of Denver. He says, "The Human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will *not* 'take care of itself.' Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort, just as muscles can be developed by exercise."

it makes the student *discover* himself, it acquaints him with his sleeping powers and shows him how to develop them. The method is *exercise*, not of the haphazard sort, but a steady, increasing kind that brings each hidden power to full strength without strain or break.

Pelmanism's Large Return

The human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will *not* "take care of itself." Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts, but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort just as muscles can be developed by exercise. I do not mean by this that the individual can add to the brains that God gave him, but he can learn to make use of the brains that he has instead of letting them fall into flabbiness through disuse.

Other methods and systems that I have examined, while realizing the value of mental exercise, have made the mistake of limiting their efforts to the development of some single sense. What Pelmanism does is to consider the mind as a whole and treat it as a whole. It goes for mental team play, training the mind as a unity.

Its big value, however, is the instructional note. Each lesson is accompanied by a work sheet that is really a progress

sheet. The student goes forward under a teacher in the sense that he is followed through from first to last, helped, guided and encouraged at every turn by conscientious experts.

Pelmanism is no miracle. It calls for application. But I know of nothing that pays larger returns on an investment of one's spare time from day to day.

(Signed) BEN LINDSEY.

NOTE: As Judge Lindsey has pointed out, Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. For almost a quarter of a century, it has been showing men and women how to lead happy, successful, well rounded lives. 650,000 Pelmanists in every country on the globe are the guarantee of what Pelman training can do for *you*.

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The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

*Beginning a Series of Representative American Short Stories
Selected and with Critical Introductions by the Author of*
"THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY," "GALAHAD" AND "ADAM AND EVE"

The **Legend of Sleepy Hollow** By Washington Irving

INTRODUCTION BY JOHN ERSKINE

THE Legend of Sleepy Hollow," like Irving's other well-loved story, "Rip Van Winkle," appeared in "The Sketch Book" in 1819. This unforgettable story of Ichabod Crane and his unhappy love affair, and the Headless Horseman, illustrates most of the qualities which made Irving an international writer as well as one of the first American masters.

"The Legend" is a ghost story, but you and I no longer believe in ghosts; neither did Irving. We Americans are said to have an irreverent manner toward antiquity, and toward the high seriousness of much old literature. Irving was one of the first to put our manner into writing, and yet, like all of us, he liked a ghost story at times, liked even the mood of terror which a devout believer in ghosts ought to feel. Before he wrote, it had been the habit of most authors who dealt with this kind of material to make the spectre as convincing as possible, and afterwards to explain to the reader the rational cause of the illusion. Such a method fools you to start with, and comforts your intelligence afterwards. Irving's method was far more difficult; so difficult, in fact, that few writers have been able to repeat it. He lets us know from the very beginning that it is Brom Bones, the rough rival of Ichabod, who is playing the trick on him, and yet so imaginative is the story, even when told humorously, that we really see the Headless Horseman, and to this day feel something of his spooky presence when we revisit the greatly altered district around Tarrytown. I should say that the most conspicuous American trait in Irving generally is illustrated here—his ability to deal in a familiar and humorous manner with highly imaginative material, and yet to leave the imaginative effect unspoiled.

If we can still feel the presence of the Headless Horseman in the Tarrytown landscape, it is because Irving, in the second place, had one of the rarest of gifts—he could create a figure which would seem to be the product of an ancient myth. Wherever landscapes are haunted, as the Rhine Valley is haunted with gnomes, giants, or lorelei, the mythical figures have usually been built up by the folk imagination—that is, by a long process of story-telling which has associated the characters of fiction with an actual spot. Irving had the ability to create characters which so truly interpreted



© Nicholas Murray
JOHN ERSKINE

the feeling of the landscape that his readers feel as though the characters had always been there. He gave us the Headless Horseman and Ichabod Crane galloping down the little valley. He set Rip Van Winkle among the Catskills, where he still lives, and he created the figure of Diedrich Knickerbocker, the Father Knickerbocker who still haunts the imagination of New York City. Quite aside from Irving's charming style and his ability to arrange his plots effectively, this genius for creating a myth is alone enough to make

him a great writer.

Perhaps because of this myth-making faculty, Irving seems to have another trait which has always been recognized as a sure sign of greatness in literature. He can tell a vivid story saturated with his own humane love of life and his delicious humor, and yet leave out all the special incidents of his own experience. Any one of us, it has often been said, could write one book—that is, the story of our own careers. Many writers, unfortunately, never get beyond that perfectly natural and elementary subject matter. The test of greatness in literature comes when the writer occupies himself with life in general, with the experiences of other people, or at least with his own experiences so transmuted that they seem no longer peculiar to him. When you have read "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," ask yourself what indications there are in it of Irving's life, education and private fortunes. There really are none. Our knowledge of his biography may make us think there is some essential connection between his residence in the Hudson Valley and this story, but Irving might have written that story, and in fact he probably did write it, at a great distance from the scene, and before his life was associated with the place. The part of his personality which the story reveals is the imaginative rather than the biographical, and for a writer to confine himself to the imaginative part of himself is a sign of greatness.

In this story the reader will not be deceived by the description of the Dutch household, nor of the thin and awkward Yankee schoolmaster. Irving was a good deal of a poet, and the account of the overwhelming feeding and hospitality in the Dutch farmhouse is given for its own sake rather than with an eye on historical accuracy. It is much like the way Keats names over candies and rare dishes in "The Eve of

St. Agnes"—for the sake of luxury and exquisiteness rather than to furnish a list of things actually to be eaten. As for Ichabod Crane, he is a vestige of the kind of fun New York writers liked to poke at Connecticut. Irving gave us Ichabod, Cooper gave us David Gamut in "The Last of the Mohicans." They are really the same character portrayed by two New Yorkers. No doubt Irving understood the idealism of the Yankee schoolmaster, who

was from the earliest days of the republic spreading New England culture, even in those neighboring States which thought they could get on nicely without it. The New Yorker used to say that the Yankee mixed the profession of high ideals with some mean or shrewd practices. He was both schoolmaster and trader. Irving states the prejudice more kindly. Ichabod may be a scarecrow, but his worst faults are only his timidity and his love of good food.

THE STORY:



IN THE bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail, and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market-town or rural

port, which by some is called Greensburgh, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town.

This name was given, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it, for the sake of being precise and authentic.

Not far from this village, perhaps about two miles, there is a little valley, or rather lap of land, among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail, or tapping of a woodpecker, is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

I recollect that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall walnut-trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noon time, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun, as it broke the Sabbath stillness around, and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat, whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of *Sleepy Hollow*, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighboring country.

A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a high German doctor, during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his powwows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson.

Certain it is, the place still continues under the sway of some witching power, that holds a spell over the minds of good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvellous beliefs; are subject to trances and visions; and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air.

The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and



IRVING

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LOWELL L. BALCOM

the nightmare, with her whole nine fold, seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander-in-chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback without a head.

It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon-ball, in some nameless battle during the Revolutionary War, and who is ever and anon seen by the country folk, hurrying along in the gloom of night, as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this spectre, allege that the body of the trooper, having been buried in the church-yard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head; and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the Hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated, and in a hurry to get back to the church-yard before daybreak.

Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the spectre is known, at all the country firesides, by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

It is remarkable that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by every one who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative—to dream dreams, and see apparitions.

I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud; for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great State of New York, that population, manners, and customs, remain fixed; while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water which border a rapid stream; where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.

In this by-place of nature, there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane; who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut; a State which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodsmen and country schoolmasters. The





cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weather-cock, perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a corn-field.

His school-house was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of old copy-books. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours, by a withe twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window shutters; so that, though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out; an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eel-pot. The school-house stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard in a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a bee-hive; interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command; or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, and ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child."—Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates of the school, who joy in the smart of their subjects; on the contrary, he administered justice with discrimination rather than severity; taking the burthen of the backs of the weak, and laying it on those of the strong. Your mere puny stripling, that winced at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by with indulgence; but the claims of justice were satisfied by inflicting a double portion on some little, tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted Dutch urchin, who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called "doing his duty by their parents"; and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory to the smarting urchin, that "he would remember it, and thank him for it the longest day he had to live."

When school hours were over, he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys; and on holiday afternoons would convoy some of the smaller ones home, who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed it behooved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, and though lank, had the dilating powers of an anaconda; but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to country custom in those parts,

boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers, whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time; thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a grievous burden, and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labors of their farms; helped to make hay; mended the fences; took the horses to water; drove the cows from pasture; and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. He found favor in the eyes of the mothers, by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and like the lion bold, which whilom so magnanimously the lamb did hold, he would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing-master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by in-

structing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him, on Sundays, to take his station in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers; where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation; and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill-pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little make-shifts in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of headwork, to have a wonderfully easy life of it.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighborhood; being considered a kind of idle gentlemanlike personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country swains, and, indeed, inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea-table of a farmhouse, and the addition of a supernumerary dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or, peradventure, the parade of a silver tea pot. Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the churchyard, between services on Sundays! gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overrun the surrounding trees; reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones; or sauntering, with a whole bevy of them, along the banks of the adjacent mill-pond; while the more bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address.

From his half itinerant life, also, he was a kind of travelling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local gossip from house to house; so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through, and





was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's history of New England Witchcraft, in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvellous, and his powers of digesting it, were equally extraordinary; and both had been increased by his residence in this spellbound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover, bordering the little brook that whimpered by his school-house, and there con over old Mather's direful tales, until the gathering dusk of the evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way, by swamp and stream and awful woodland, to the farmhouse where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature, at that witching hour, fluttered his excited imagination: the moan of the whip-poor-will from the hill-side; the boding cry of the tree-toad, that harbinger of storm; the dreary hooting of the screech-owl, or the sudden rustling in the thicket of birds frightened from their roost. The fire-flies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if, by chance, a huge blockhead of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's token. His only resource on such occasions, either to drown thought, or drive away evil spirits, was to sing psalm tunes;—and the good people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their doois of an evening, were often filled with awe, at hearing his nasal melody, "in linked sweetness long drawn out," floating from the distant hill, or along the dusky road.

Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and spluttering along the hearth, and listen to their marvellous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields, and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges, and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. He would delight them equally by his anecdotes of witchcraft, and of the direful omens and portentous sights and sounds in the air, which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut; and would frighten them wofully with speculations upon comets and shooting stars; and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn round, and that they were half the time topsy-turvy!

But if there was a pleasure in all this, while snugly cuddling in the chimney corner of a chamber that was all of a ruddy glow from the crackling wood fire, and where, of course, no spectre dared to show his face, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homewards. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night!—With what wistful look did he eye every trembling ray of light streaming across the waste fields from some distant window!—How often was he appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which, like a sheeted spectre, beset his very path!—How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet; and dread to look over his shoulder, lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him!—and how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the Galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings!

All these, however, were mere terrors of the night, phantoms of the mind that walk in darkness; and though he had seen many spectres in his time, and been more than once beset by Satan in divers shapes, in his lonely perambulations, yet daylight put an end to all these evils; and he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was—a woman.

Among the musical disciples who assembled, one evening in each week, to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen; plump as a partridge; ripe and melting and rosy cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was withal a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold, which her great-great-grandmother had brought over from Saardam; the tempting stomacher of the olden time; and withal a provokingly short petticoat, to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country round.

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart toward the sex; and it is not to be wondered at, that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes; more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within those every thing was snug, happy, and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it; and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance, rather than the style in which he lived. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks, in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm-tree spread its broad branches over it; at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well, formed of a barrel; and then stole sparkling away

through the grass, to a neighboring brook, that bubbled along among alders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farm-house was a vast barn, that might have served for a church; every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the flail was busily resounding within it from morning to night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings, or buried in their bosoms, and others swelling, and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens; whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air.

A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, conveying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farmyard, and guinea fowls fretting about it, like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish discontented cry. Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman, clapping his burnished wings, and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart—sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

The pedagogue's mouth watered, as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. In his devouring mind's





eye, he pictured to himself every roasting pig running about with a pudding in his belly, and an apple in his mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy; and the ducks pairing cosily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon, and juicy relishing ham; not a turkey but he beheld daintily trussed up, with its gizzard under its wing, and, peradventure, a necklace of savory sausages; and even bright chanticleer himself lay sprawling on his back, in a side-dish with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow-lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat, and Indian corn, and the orchards burthened with ruddy fruit, which surrounded the warm tenelement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea, how they might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land, and shingle palaces in the wilderness. Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee, or the Lord knows where.

When he entered the house the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farmhouses, with high-ridged, but lowly-sloping roofs, built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers; the low projecting eaves forming a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighboring river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use; and a great spinning-wheel at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the wondering Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the centre of the mansion and the place of usual residence. Here, rows of resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool ready to be spun; in another a quantity of linsey-woolsey just from the loom; ears of Indian corn, and strings of dried apples and peaches, hung in gay festoons along the walls, mingled with the gaud of red peppers; and a door left ajar gave him a peep into the best parlor, where the claw-footed chairs, and dark mahogany tables, shone like mirrors; and irons, with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their covert of asparagus tops; mock-oranges and conch-shells decorated the mantelpiece; strings of various colored birds' eggs were suspended above it: a great ostrich egg was hung from the centre of the room, and a corner cupboard, knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china.

From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight, the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel. In this enterprise, however, he had more real difficulties than generally fell to the lot of a knight-errant of yore, who seldom

had any thing but giants, enchanters, fiery dragons, and such like easily-conquered adversaries, to contend with; and had to make his way merely through gates of iron and brass, and walls of adamant, to the castle keep, where the lady of his heart was confined; all which he

achieved as easily as a man would carve his way to the centre of a Christmas pie; and then the lady gave him her hand as a matter of course. Ichabod, on the contrary, had to win his way to the heart of a country coquette, beset with a labyrinth of whims and caprices, which were for ever presenting new difficulties and impediments; and he had to encounter a host of fearful adversaries of real flesh and blood, the numerous rustic admirers, who beset every portal to her heart; keeping a watchful and angry eye upon each other, but ready to fly out in the common cause against any new competitor.

Among these the most formidable was a burly, roaring, roystering blade, of the name of Abraham, or, according to the Dutch abbreviation, Brom Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which rang with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered and double-jointed, with short curly black hair, and a bluff, but not unpleasant countenance, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance. From his Herculean frame and great powers of limb, he had received the nickname of Brom Bones, by which he was universally known. He was famed for great knowledge and skill in horsemanship, being as dexterous on horseback as a Tartar. He was foremost at all races and cock-fights; and, with the ascendancy which bodily strength acquires in rustic life, was the umpire in all disputes, setting his hat on one side, and giving his decisions with an air and tone admitting of no gainsay or appeal. He was always ready for either a fight or a frolic; but had more mischief than ill-will in his composition; and, with all his overbearing roughness, there was a strong dash of

waggish good humor at bottom. He had three or four boon companions, who regarded him as their model, and at the head of whom he scoured the country, attending every scene of feud or merriment for miles round. In cold weather he was distinguished by a fur cap, surmounted with a flaunting fox's tail; and when the folks at a country gathering descried this well-known crest at a distance, whisking about among a squad of hard riders, they always stood by for a squall. Sometimes his crew would be heard dashing along past the farmhouses at midnight, with whoop and halloo, like a troop of Don Cossacks; and the old dames, startled out of their sleep, would listen for a moment till the hurryscurry had clattered by, and then exclaim, "Ah, there goes Brom Bones and his gang!" The neighbors looked upon him with a mixture of

awe, admiration, and good will; and when any madcap prank, or rustic brawl, occurred in the vicinity, always shook their heads, and warranted Brom Bones was at the bottom of it.

This rantipole hero had for some time singled out the blooming Katrina for the object of his uncouth gallantries, and though his amorous toyings were something like the gentle caresses and endearments of a bear, yet it was whispered that she did not altogether discourage his hopes. Certain it is, his advances were signals for rival candidates to retire, who felt no inclination to cross a lion in his amours; insomuch, that when his horse was seen tied to Van Tassel's paling, on a Sunday night, a sure sign that his master was courting, or, as it is (Continued on page 72)



AN ENEMY DEBT

By
Perceval
Gibbon

HAVE no fear; this is not a war story. But it does identify one nameless hero of the Chemin des Dames, the private of the French Foreign Legion whose last words were spoken in German. The wounded men who lay with him in the ruins of the shell-crumbled trench are the witnesses of how, when the German bombers, backed by their bayonet-men, came blasting their way along from traverse to traverse, one among their own number arose, roaring, and charged over their broken bodies. Two bombers and a bayonet-man he killed with his bayonet and shot an officer before he himself was shot through the chest; then as he lay he shot another.

"And at each lunge and at each shot," testified one witness, "he cried aloud in German: 'I owe you that! I owe you that!'"

* * *

AT dawn he found a resting and hiding place on the brow of a little hill; and here he lay in the shelter of the great flat green fronds and looked out northward over a pleasant, farm-dotted plain of Algeria. Little white houses, iron-roofed or thatched, each with its barn alongside, stood among the crops; and from the nearest, scarce half a mile away, the smoke of the hearth was already rising. That night he must make shift to pass among them, for the road that ran straight as a taut string down to his left as he gazed was patrolled by mounted gendarmerie; and by day his uniform—he had not been able to get rid of it—was a clamant invitation to the first passer-by to help himself to the reward which was paid for the capture of a deserting Legionary.

He had no food, no money—soldiers of the Legion were not allowed to have money—no plan and no real hope. Because

France was at peace with the world he would not have to face a firing squad if he were caught. But he had a burning need to be free of the iron discipline, the terrible labor, the unending fear and pain that were the staple of his days. He did not know his way to the coast; even his escape had been an accident. He had been one of a fatigue party unloading a train-load of stores at Sidi Hafiz, and by a chance he was actually in one of the trucks when it had pulled out. It had carried him some thirty miles before he dropped off, lest it should be stopped by telegram and searched; and since then for fourteen nights he had blundered northwards, living on fruit stolen in the dark from orchards and occasional eggs raided from hen-houses, and for fourteen days



Illustrations by V.E. Pyles



He found himself looking up from under the skirts of the prickly-pear at a girl of about his own age, tall and golden blond, with a face as regular as that of a clock. The dog, held in leash, made a white-fanged grimace of hate at him

he had lain hidden where best he might, trembling and sleeping, cursing, praying and weeping. And he was twenty-five years of age.

The face that looked out between the grass-edge and the heavy green curtain of the prickly-pear was marked with more than grime and tears. Lines that belong to age and bitter experience were graven there; they overlaid and qualified, like a figured veil, a certain commonplace comeliness, a compliance of feature with the ordinary standards of acceptable outwardness. And the stone-blue eyes that beheld that wide vista of comfort, security and freedom had a touch of that vacuity which comes when a man's soul is no longer his own.

He groaned and spoke aloud to the deaf world. "Ach, Gott!" he said. "Ich kann nichts mehr!"

Life began to show itself in the plain below. Figures moved on the farm, and on the long straight ribbon of the road a trickle of traffic—camels, Algerian peasants on donkeys, a recklessly-driven automobile—was gathering volume. He crawled back,

feet first, deeper into the shelter of the prickly-pear. He gathered two or three of the fruit and expertly sucked the ice-cold, water-sodden pulp from them; his three years in the Legion, during brief halts in man-killing marshes, had taught him at least how to do that.

The air grew warm as the sun mounted, and the coolness upon the bare black earth under that low green roof was not unpleasant. He turned upon his back, his hands under his head, and presently he slept—slept like a babe and dreamed of his home in soft, simple Saxony, whence he had fled from the consequences of a poaching adventure. And by degrees his posture as he slept betrayed him and he began to snore.

He awoke suddenly at the touch of something wet on his face and started upon his elbow, rigid with terror. At his abrupt movement the dog which had reconnoitered him fell back with a rending snarl and stood at guard a couple of yards away. It was one of those nondescripts one sees in such lands as Algeria, as big as a collie, with the head of a degenerate sheep-dog and wool like a sheep. He stared at it in a stupidity of fear till his heart gave over pattering; but the dog continued to growl.

And then, from without the thicket, a voice called clearly.

"Qu'est ce que tu as trouvé, Maxi?" it said. "What have you found, Maxi?"

It was a woman's voice, but for the deserter women were as dangerous as men. Yet even

in his renewed anguish of fear he marked something, a bluntness and thickening of the pronunciation, an unhandiness in the use of the sharp French consonants, which sounded familiar.

The dog was yet bristling and growling. He held out a timid hand of conciliation to it and it effervesced at once into a tearing crescendo of snarls. And the voice spoke again.

"Also, bring's heraus!" it said. And repeated the call: "Bring it out and let's have a look at it."

His very senses reeled; a sudden almost overwhelming hope took possession of him. The German tongue and its accent, sweet and suggestive to him as the breath of kine, the mere sound of it without its significance—for the speaker merely called to and bantered the hobgoblin-dog—were like promises and words of sore-needed comfort. The dog began to yield to the call and retired with diminishing growls; the deserter got to his hands and knees and tried cautiously to get a glimpse of the speaker through the intervening twenty feet of tangled dull green.

And of a sudden he saw her. Prickly-pear branches, leaning this way and that, stood yet aside from one narrow avenue of vision. As through a long pipe he was aware of the shape of her head, the shape only, black against the sunshine and realized that while he was looking out against the light, she was looking in with the light at her back, to see what had attracted the dog. He dodged down again in a panic, but too late.

"Comment donc!" he heard her cry. "It is a man!"

He was discovered. But she was German, and the crazy hope her language had lighted in him refused to be quenched all at once. He crouched, shivering.

"Come out!" she called next, but in the French which is the official white language of the country. "Come out that one may see what you are! Else I will let the dog go! You hear me?"

In any case there was no escaping; it was surrender to her or to the help she would summon.

"I come at once!" he answered in German, and began to crawl towards her.

He found himself looking up from under the skirts of the prickly-pear at a figure that symbolized for him all the power and all the homeward draw of his yearned-for fatherland. A girl of about his own age, tall and buxom, golden-blond, with a face as regular as that of a clock and eyes of chill blue! The hill fell away behind her, and she stood in a splendid high relief against her background of cloudless sky, and the great sweep of plain.

She retreated only a single pace at his appearance and stood looking down at him with no least sign of fear. He knew she was making an inventory of him—his filth, his uniform, his presence in that particular place at that particular time.

He had risen to his knees. He hastened to speak, that she might know yet one more thing about him than her eyes could tell her.

"Gnädiges Fräulein!" he implored. "Gracious young lady! You will not betray me? See!" He spread his arms abroad with a manner of exhibiting himself and his plight. "I am nearly dead already. I am starving. I am all but broken down. And—and I heard you call the dear little dog in German. Say you will be merciful, for God's sake!"

"So!" she said, and surveyed him further. Then she cast a swift glance round. "We can be seen from the road," she said next. "Go back among the pear a little way."

He obeyed in piteous haste; the great hope flared up within him. And when only his face was to be seen she came closer.

"You are German then—and a deserter from the Legion?"

"Yes, gracious young lady!" he answered.

"And what is your name?"

She had a crisp, authoritative manner of questioning to which, broken as he was to obedience, he would have deferred anywhere. "Egon Weiler," he answered. "At your orders," he added, in the slavish German formula.

She continued not so much to stare at him as to scrutinize him and seemingly to estimate him and the situation.

"If any of these French or natives see you," she said suddenly, "you will be done for. There is a reward for catching deserters."

"I know," he said, and sighed. "But you, gracious young lady—"

She shook her head. "You are a Landsmann—a compatriot!" she made answer, and stilled him with a lifted hand when he

would have frothed into a hysteria of thanks. "Now let me think what we must do!"

She strolled apart a while, pondering. The "dear little dog," more offensively hideous than ever in the full light of day, made a white-fanged grimace of hate at Egon Weiler and followed her. The deserter waited, his soul swinging like a pendulum between exultation and despair.

She came back at last.

"That is our house," she said, pointing down to the nearest white dwelling. "My father is away, and I am alone there with my grandmother. So today you had better stay here; and tonight, when it is fully dark, you can come down. I will have some food for you and you can sleep in the loft. My father comes back in two or three days and then we can see what to do with you."

"But even then you will not give me up?" he flustered.

"You do not know my father," she replied. "He does not love the French! They have been very hard on him."

He burst into a rhapsody of thanks, the tears streaming down on his face, and this time she did not stop him but watched him with an interest that had a scientific touch about it.

"I must go," she said, when he choked into silence at last. "Some one may see from afar. Tonight then; but not until it is quite dark. You understand?"

"Perfectly, gracious young lady!"

"Also, auf wiedersehen!" And she swung off down the hill followed by the irreconcilable dear little dog.

And Egon Weiler, prone in his hiding-place, was aware of a sensation of physical sickness. He was not used to happiness and good fortune and he had had an overdose of both. A colossal pride had likewise a place in his emotions, a pride in his country and his race. It had answered to the touchstone. He was solitary no longer, but a member of a great and powerful freemasonry, reaching forth even into Algeria tentacles of succor and reassurance. All would yet be well with him—and that evening there would be food.

He was even nearer to a breakdown than he had told the girl, for the spirit had been sapped from him and only fear had replaced it. When the slow-footed day had limped to its close and the hateful dimness of evening had yielded to the benign and welcome dark, he found it all he could do to drag himself down the slope and discover the path that led to the house. Much precaution was out of the question; he was an easy capture for anyone by the time he found the gate in the fence about the house, his efforts to open it brought the girl out swiftly to the veranda.

"Hush!" she whispered, sharply. "Do you want everyone to hear you?"

But she quickly perceived the state of the case, and took hold of him with a firm hand under his arm-pit. Thus supported, he tottered up the three steps and on into the kitchen and living-room, which was the main room of the house, and there she let him sink into a wooden chair. His head flopped down upon his breast; he was all but fainting.

He was aware of her standing before him and of her voice.

"Here! Drink this!" she ordered.

It was harsh, tongue-stinging Algerian brandy, half an enameled mugful. It hurt his mouth and his throat tried to refuse it, but when he had succeeded in gulping it down, it spread about within him like a revivifying fire.

"Ha!" he breathed loudly, and sat up in the chair.

The girl was watching him.

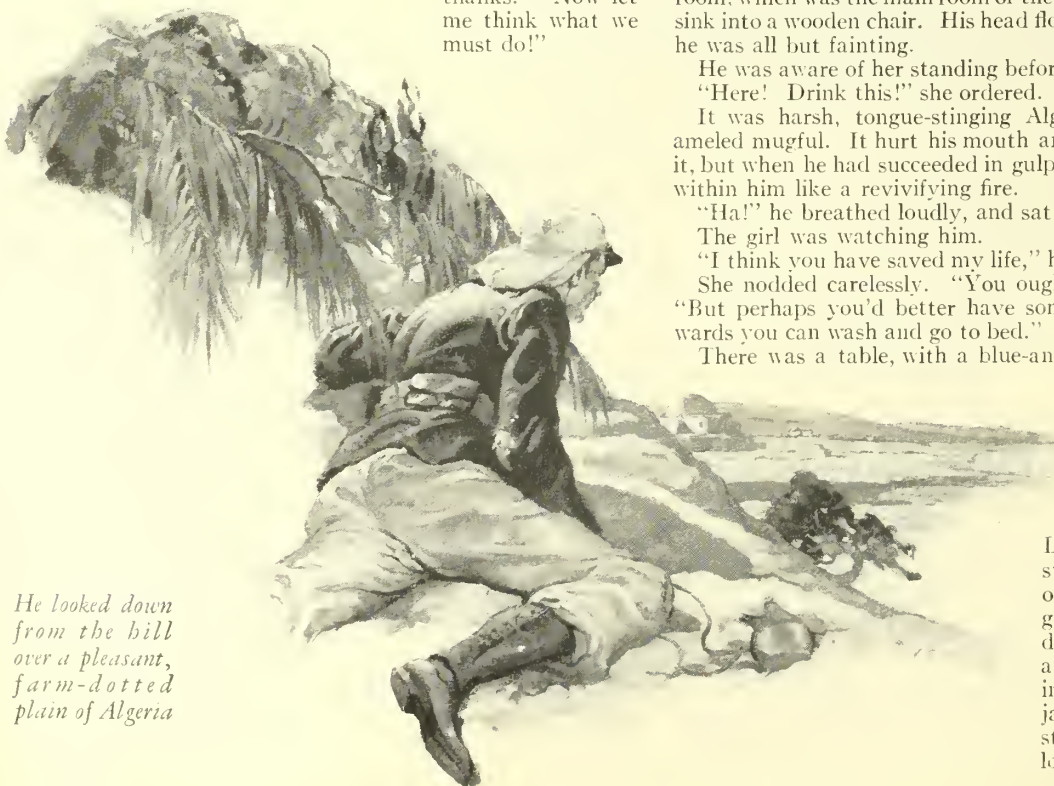
"I think you have saved my life," he said.

She nodded carelessly. "You ought to wash now," she said. "But perhaps you'd better have some food at once and afterwards you can wash and go to bed."

There was a table, with a blue-and-white checkered cloth on

it and eating utensils laid in readiness. There was coffee, wheaten bread and butter and a platter of cold veal. He was able to restrain—the

Legion had taught him restraint, too—a desire to fall on the food and wolf it in great mouthfuls. He sat down decorously, trembling a little. He leaped up again in alarm, for from an adjacent room, whose door stood ajar, came a series of loud strangling groans.



He looked down from the hill over a pleasant, farm-dotted plain of Algeria



A series of loud strangling groans from an adjacent room whose door stood ajar startled him into action

"What is that?" he cried, half afraid that he was being trapped. The girl half-smiled at his fear. "It is only the gross mütterchen—grandma," she answered. "She is old and ill and she always does that. Sit down again and eat."

He obeyed. The sound, clean, palatable food, the sweet savory coffee, were a delight as well as a restorative. For years he had lacked these decencies, this comfort. He looked about the big room with a romantic appreciation of its scrupulous cleanliness and order. The copper pans, the horsehair sofa of state, the side-table with a zither on it, the tall, robust girl with her doll's face and her man's eyes—here was Germany itself, orderly, comfortable, decent, established in the wild.

When he had done eating, she gave him a cigarette of rank local tobacco, and sat and watched him while he smoked it. She did not talk with him or question him. Later, she showed him where to wash and then it was time for him to climb to the loft and go to bed.

"I have put some blankets and a pillow there for you," she said. "And you must not come down in the daytime or the Negro

woman will see you and betray you. I will bring you up some food in the morning."

He wanted to kiss her hand but she would not suffer it.

"No," she said. "Here is your candle. There are no windows up there so you can safely burn it. And here are some more cigarettes. You must make yourself comfortable while you can."

He looked down from the top of the ladder and saw her at the bottom, still watching him with her tranquil face under her crown of gold-glinting hair.

The almost forgotten luxury of a bed! She had been better than her word, for besides the blankets and the pillow there was a mattress. In shirt and trousers, wrapped in the blanket he lay, smoking blissfully, the candle burning steadfastly at his elbow, savoring to the full the new and wonderful sense of safety.

"She saved my life!" he said. It was his good-night prayer. He carefully put away the butt of his cigarette, blew out his candle and turned to the business of sleeping.

It was some hours later that he was awakened by sounds from below. He had no means of telling the (Continued on page 58)



America: Fishhawk Mountain, near Franklin, North Carolina

AMERICA - FROM THE INSIDE OUT

I TRIED in my first article to analyze my own experience in my encounter with America

By HUGH WALPOLE

with Bolshevism, ruined by an effete Upper Class who are too foolish and reactionary to keep pace with the needs of

and I must apologize for the egotism in that attempt, but it is impossible to avoid if one is going to be honest. This honesty is the trouble; honesty with a friend is always so much more difficult than honesty with an acquaintance mainly because one has probably achieved relations which are partly beyond analysis and partly confused by the very intensity of one's feeling.

I had better begin here by trying to summarize the typical current points of view that the man of one country just now has of the man of the other. This point of view resembles a picture that one has of somebody of whom one has heard a great deal but knows very slightly. Of course in a way this is fallacious. I think of a little sketch written by Logan Pearsall Smith in one of his books describing the feelings of someone who overheard a conversation about himself. These talkers seemed to him to create a strange pink formless animal, someone absolutely unlike himself, and he lived after that with a sense of this third dreadfully unreal personality. Well, what is this same pink formless creature that the English create out of the American and the Americans out of the English?

The American who has been but little to Europe has, I fancy, when he thinks of the Englishman, someone like this in his mind—a man rather strictly and officially dressed, his head held at a haughty angle, his accent vaguely born at Oxford; he is unimaginative and conceited, very self-opinionated, eager to dogmatize about anything or everything; fearfully insular, believing that there is no place like England and that there are no people like the English, ready, indeed eager, to put anyone right about anything and especially about America, rude and ill-mannered in his conceit, keeping to himself, suspicious of everyone, and if he comes to America comes only because he is in need of money, thinks that he can snatch it quickly from those fool Americans and return to his dear country again, delighted with his country although it is notoriously tumbling to pieces, riddled

modern times, slow, ignorant and decadent.

It wouldn't be fair to say that this pink formless creature is allowed no virtues; he has integrity, is rather foolish at times about keeping his word, he is cleanly in person and has beautiful manners if he wishes to have them, his country is charming although it rains there continually, it is very old and romantic if you care for such things, he has pluck and courage although inclined to attribute all the success of a conflict to himself.

On the other hand, what is the pink and formless American? The Englishman who thus encounters him at second hand thinks of him as coarse and vulgar and noisy, he is dressed in horrible clothes with impossible lifted shoulders, wears a ridiculous formless hat and is never without a cigar in his mouth. The spitting tradition still lingers although it is not so strong as it was; he is abominably conceited and abysmally ignorant; his visits to Europe are so hurried and so ridiculously ignorant that he has become the laughing stock of all beautiful places. He is over-hurriedly familiar, deluges strangers at the first instant with family confidences, is desperately sentimental about things like mothers, home towns, the American flag, American cooking, all the virtues like chastity, quick business, family life (in reality he is notoriously a sinner in these respects), is fearfully arrogant about his own country and especially about his Government, which as everyone knows is the worst in the world, has no notion of law and order, stinks with corruption, and, although he talks about the arts, has no critical intelligence and is naively simple in those matters. Above and beyond all else he is greedy and grasping, exalting money success above everything and estimating people only by that standard.

I think we can go no further in this difficult and important question without realizing both these pictures. Those of us who have had some intimate experience find them, of course, ludicrous but, and here is one of the great problems in the matter, we are in



England: The River Thames, with Goring in the distance

an absolute minority. Not only are we in a minority but certain newspapers in both countries foster for their own purposes all these delusions. Here is an element really heart-breaking; I say with all seriousness that there are no deeds more criminal in this stage of the world's development than the action of certain newspapers in Anglo-American affairs. Both countries are equally responsible; it is of no use for an American to curse our own *Daily Worm* when in America the *Daily Crawler*, its contents syndicated throughout the continent, is issuing lies every half hour about England, and the first thing that any intelligent Englishman or American has to do is to oppose these lies with all the force that he has.

Let us for a moment examine these pictures that I have drawn and see whether there is any truth lying there. Of course there is *some* truth; that third personality created for us by our acquaintances has always something true. The Englishman is in a certain degree complacent, arrogant and unimaginative, he has lived on an island for many hundreds of years, he has fought for every inch of the ground that he occupies, his character is strong, self-reliant and self-confident, he is shy and filled with sentiment, which every moment of training that he has had teaches him to conceal, he is brave but terrified of making a fool of himself, he is warm-hearted but distrustful of strangers, he makes the best friend in the world.

The American, and here of course one is disgracefully generalizing, has both the advantages and disadvantages that belong to the citizen of a country that is not only new in history but new in national composition. It has long been a platitude to say that America is a young country; it has been said now continually for some hundred years; the comments of Mrs. Trollope and Dickens and Thackeray made in the forties and fifties are exactly the comments that are being made today, and because they have been made over and over again in the knowledge of everyone alive today it is felt that the time has come for comment to change.

But what are a hundred years in the world's history? Less than nothing at all. America is a new country and the Americans are a new people and because they are a new people they are impatient of the past, eagerly sensitive to the present and any criticism of their position, anxious to acquire a poise, a certainty, a definite character that the short time of their creation inevitably forbids them. They are forever attempting to stand still—"Look, this is what we are like"—but the country behind them laughs at their stability and answers, "You have not conquered the soil,

and until you have you shall erect no abiding house." The fact of this almost feverish movement implies great vitality and a perfectly natural emphasis on the thing that is apparently the most rapid solidifying element, and that is money.

Of course the Americans care for money; it has been the most powerful element in the young history of every great nation. Why do we in England pretend that it is a disgraceful occupation when in our own young days, Elizabethan especially, we were the greatest pirates in the world and dreamed day and night of adding to our riches? More romantic, yes. Drake drawing up his boxes of jewels and Spanish ingots out of the dark holds of the enemy's ships and some gentleman discreetly dressed going down to Wall Street of a morning—a considerable external difference, but very little of a spiritual one.

And of course it is clear to anyone who visits America at all that the race for money is being run for the power it brings rather than for the money itself. The American in his own country is the most generous of God's creatures; about what he is in the country of other people I shall try to say something in a moment. The all-important question that rises from this is the direction into which this power is drawing its possessors; that is becoming indeed the one supremely dominant question in America, and everything else in the end must surrender in importance to that.

I have arrived then in my first article and this one at this point, that from early associations, from temperamental affinities and from certain later experiences I have acquired something of America in my blood of which I shall never again be rid. I am, however, deeply English. I am prejudiced then on neither side, I love both countries and the people of both countries, I have become fully aware of the pictures that each has made of the other and I know that these pictures are false, prejudiced and harmful. I believe then that I have some claim to speak of America exactly as it seems to me to be, and this impression is personal and confined by all the limitations of the personality of someone who cares for the arts more than anything in life, who cares for life itself more than any of the arts, who believes deeply in the necessity of tolerance, mutual kindness, intelligent broad-mindedness and a sense of humor, who wishes that he himself had these qualities more often than he has.

I would divide then the American into a tripart animal—social, esthetic and spiritual. I would like to consider him in these three so different relations to the universe and his own soul.

As a social animal the American is not, (*Continued on page 64*)

FIRST

By Marquis

one observer from the States wondered if some mistake had not been made by those

in authority when they named it the City of the Holy Faith.

Now Santa Fé was—well, interested—to see an eastern lady smoking in the Plaza.

Having mulled over this proof that the world moves I changed to a shadier bench and reopened the book I was reading, entitled "A Relation of the Journey of Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca," and written by the same.

As a regular thing, Don Alvar followed the profession of arms rather than that of letters. Thinking that Mr. Sabatini, for instance, might have sharpened up the latent drama of the narrative in spots, my momentarily disengaged eye picked up a parcel of school children crossing the Plaza on their way from their lessons. They were genteel-looking little boys and girls. They carried English textbooks, for instruction in the public schools and in nearly all parochial schools in New Mexico has been in English since 1880. But when they passed me, swinging their English readers, I heard them conversing smoothly in Spanish.

Reflecting that possibly the world does not move so fast as I thought I returned to the chronicle of Don Alvar, who was the first white man to set foot in the region of New Mexico.

Don Alvar's American travels began in April of 1528 when three hundred Spanish infantry and forty cavalry landed in Florida after many adventures, including shipwreck, to do a little local exploring. They marched inland, fought thirty battles with the Indians, got out of touch with their ships and never saw them again. By fall the expedition was on the Gulf coast near the present site of Pensacola, reduced by fighting and disease. Most of the survivors were wounded or ill and all were starving. They were hemmed in by Indians and the only hope of escape was by boats. But first they must make the boats. "This," says Cabeza de Vaca, "seemed impossible. We knew not how to construct, nor were there tools, nor iron, nor forge, nor resin, nor rigging, nor any man who had a knowledge of their manufacture; and there was nothing to eat."

Nevertheless five crazy boats were made and they put to sea in them, following the coastline with the hope of reaching Spanish settlements in Mexico.

Every time they were driven ashore by storms or by thirst the Indians sprang at them. After forty-one days of incredible hardship they passed the mouth of the Mississippi and were carried to sea by the current. A storm came up and separated the boats. Cabeza de Vaca was the only man in his boat well enough to manage sails or steer. In four days he beached the boat on an island off the Louisiana or east Texas coast. Presently he found some survivors from one of the other boats. All in the three remaining boats perished.

Cabeza de Vaca and his comrades were made slaves by the Indians and spent five years in captivity, during which death in various forms diminished the company from forty in number to five. After three attempts, De Vaca, two white companions and a Negro made their escape and started westward. They lived by their wits and traveled from tribe to tribe, earning their keep and often forestalling death by feats of jugglery, healing, black magic or whatever seemed to entertain the natives. Cabeza de Vaca got so he could raise the dead so convincingly that he believed it himself.

The exact route of the wanderers is in doubt, but they passed over the whole breadth of Texas and possibly traversed the southern part of modern New Mexico. At any rate eventually they reached the Spanish settlement of San Miguel de Culiacan on the Pacific Ocean, arriving on the first day of April, 1536, the



Señorita Ramona Luna all dressed up for la fiesta de la ciudad de Santa Fé de San Francisco de Assisi



THE young lady in the straw-colored roadster parked in front of El Palacio Real was evidently waiting for someone, and to kill time she put a cigarette in a long holder and lighted it. The roadster was from New England and presumably the young lady was also, if one were to judge from the poise with which she dusted the ashes from her smoke in the presence of an audience as appreciative of novelty as that occupying the green benches in the Plaza. Leastwise she was not from Santa Fé.

I hope I am not rude about the cigarette. The young lady would not have been overlooked in any event. She was extremely attractive. The little hat recalled Paris, and, all told, she seemed to belong in the aristocratic automobile the like of which you do not see in the far Southwest every day.

Nevertheless, in Santa Fé the cigarette was noticeable—perhaps as much so as it would have been in Boston ten years ago, for the ladies of Santa Fé do not smoke in public. But they smoke in their homes if they like, and have done so for three hundred and twenty years, which is longer than anyone has been smoking in Massachusetts, excepting the Pequots and so forth.

After the Santa Fé trail was established in 1882 an occasional Yankee got out here with a pocket notebook. Sometimes the traveler was invited to a ball at the Royal Palace. In any event the note takers were charmed by the New Mexican ladies wherever they found them and wrote appreciatively of their beauty and the language of their fans. They were fascinated or shocked, according to temperament, by the dexterity with which they rolled brown paper cigarettes. After attending a fandango

FAMILIES

James

first white men to cross that part of the American continent which became the United States and the only survivors of the confident army that had

landed in Florida seven years, eleven months and sixteen days before.

What particularly interested me in this recital was the fact that on the bench beside me as I read was a camera borrowed from a descendant of the narrator, so that I might take some pictures of New Mexico as it looks today. Thus between two generations of the De Vaca family, spanning a gap of more than four hundred years, my appreciation of the country was, so to say, brought down to date.

The camera belongs to Herman Baca of Santa Fé. I have known him for years, but not until my suspicions were lately aroused by the books in the State Museum did Mr. Baca admit that, given a flair for punctilio in the matter of Spanish names, he might subscribe himself Herman Cabeza de Baca y Chavez.

Baca instead of Vaca is a colloquialism of New Spain by which the b and v are interchangeable in many words—note Havana and Habaña. There are old maps and manuscripts that give the explorer as Cabeza de Baca, which means the Head of the Cow. Y Chavez denotes that Mr. Baca's mother is of the Chavez family, which was related to Antonio de Mendoza, the first viceroy of Mexico. He welcomed Cabeza de Vaca to Mexico City at the end of his travels.

The stories Cabeza de Vaca told were the talk of Mexico City. They started a tide of exploring expeditions northward, the best known of which was that of Coronado; it reached the neighborhood of Concordia, Kansas. But Juan de Oñate founded the first colony and organized the first government in what is now the State of New Mexico, in 1508. The settlement was called San Gabriel. It was abandoned in 1609 and the seat of government of Nueva Mexico moved thirty-five miles south to a new town called La Villa Real de Santa Fé de San Francisco de Assisi.

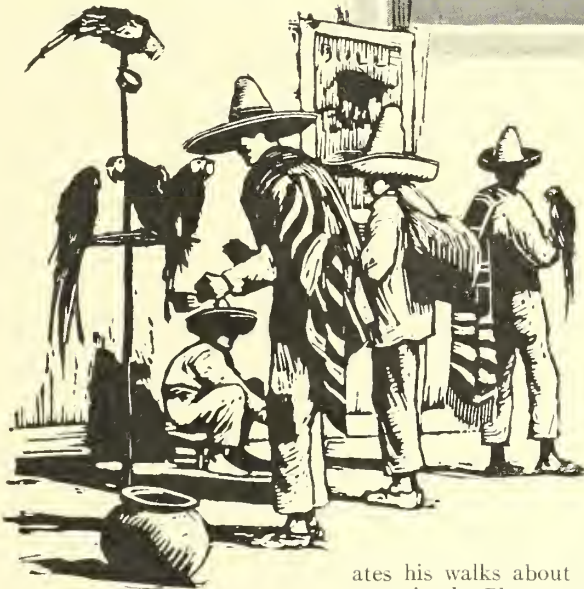
The Royal City of St. Francis of Assisi's Holy Faith is still the capital of New Mexico, and the Palacio Real, which was begun in 1609, was the official residence of the viceroys, captains-general, governors until 1910. The Palace was built over the ruins of an Indian pueblo and a part of a wall of the prehistoric structure was incorporated into the later one to save labor.

Irrespective of its history the Palace is an imposing building today. It must have been more imposing three hundred years ago, especially when the three hundred foot portal facing the Plaza was festooned with Indians' ears as a suggestion to the natives to be more careful where they shot their arrows. Still, in the building of the Palace the Spaniards displayed more good judgment than vanity. It was policy to do something noteworthy in the way of architecture if they were to impress Indians who had five and six-story pueblos of their own, including the city of Acoma, perched on a perpendicular rock rising three hundred and fifty feet out of the plain, and inhabited at the present time very much as it was when Coronado first saw it.

Santa Fé grew. When the Pilgrims were shivering on shore at Plymouth, dependent for existence on the uncertain favor of Captain Jones and his *Mayflower* in the harbor, Nueva Mexico had adult white citizens who were born there. In 1620 these citizens worshipped at eleven churches and missions, and they had converted 16,000 Indians to the Christian faith. They had explored territory greater than the area of the original thirteen



Señor Esteban Vallejo, ballad singer, in action. He doesn't know the meaning of jazz



colonies and made the beginnings of a commerce with Europe. They had transplanted not only a civilization but a culture which the Atlantic seaboard was not to equal for a generation or two, and in some respects has never surpassed. Generally speaking the Spanish colonists of the Southwest were higher in the social scale than their Anglo-Saxon colleagues in the East and South, and better provided with this world's goods. Spain was the leading nation and had the best to send.

The stranger to Santa Fé punctuates his walks about the town and countryside with frequent stops in the Plaza to rest under the trees. His breath is short. Santa Fé lies in a cup rimmed by mountains. The Plaza is seven thousand feet above the sea and the snowy summits of the Sierra Sangre de Cristo look down from six thousand feet on top of that. Santa Fé was meant to be inaccessible. Oñate had Mexico City in mind when he picked the site.

It is pleasant to sit in the Plaza and nibble piñones and watch the people go by. They do not hurry. In Albuquerque they hurry, for Albuquerque is Anglo-Saxon, excepting the Old Town. But seventy percent of Santa Fé's seven thousand people are of Spanish blood, notwithstanding a fairly strong tide of Anglo-Saxon immigration during the past ten years. This tide is moving faster than ever before, and the next decade will bring more changes, but the Santa Fé now is much the Santa Fé of old. Six thousand inhabitants are enumerated by the census of 1799 when the stumpy towers of the same yellow cathedral watched over the same hovering adobe sky-line and the evening was charmed by the same Spanish bells.

Two burros, with pack saddles laden with provisions in ex-



Augustine Torres, leading junk dealer of Santa Fé, and his two-burro-power equipment. Just how the contraption holds together with Augustine on the seat is a problem that troubles Augustine not at all

change for fire-wood brought down from the hills, clop-clop past the Palacio, the master trudging behind. A group of Tesque Indians in bright garments, a cowboy walking stiffly in high heeled boots, a vender of piñones, newsboys with a choice of English and Spanish reading matter, decorous señoras in sombre topelos. Topelos are black shawls with long fringes; shawls of bright colors are called mantillas. But one seldom sees a mantilla in Santa Fé any more these days. They are for Sunday in the country.

The attention of the courtly little custodian who keeps the walks and the grass tidied up is attracted by a gentleman who wishes to ask a question. The custodian touches his broad hat and bows. "Sí, señor?" But he answers the question in English and the gentleman rejoins the lady in the straw-colored roadster from New England and they drive off. A Pierce Arrow limousine sweeps in from Palace Avenue. It is the Taos stage, John Dunn driving. Thirty years ago John Dunn sat on the box of the horse stage that took one to Taos over a scarier road than you'll find now even where it is chiseled in the side of the Rio Grande cañon.

The conquistadores camped on the Plaza. Battles have been fought and men have died there under a variety of circumstances. The flags of a kingdom, an empire and of three republics have flown over it. It was the terminus of the Santa Fé trail, the greatest trade route in American history.

"Los Americanos! La entrada de la caravanna!" The cry went up from the streets as the wagons came into view over the crest of the hills. Everyone dropped what he was doing and rushed into the Plaza. Down came the caravan through the pink dust, every teamster and bullwhacker in store clothes and a new cracker on the lash of his whip. Caravans halted just out of sight for the personnel to rub up and comb their beards. While in Santa Fé the señoritas dived into their wardrobes for their brightest mantillas.

On the afternoon of the eighteenth of August, 1846, however, Santa Fé gathered in the Plaza to receive a caravan of a different sort. A regiment of Missouri cavalry was filing down the sloping trail. Silently the throng in the Plaza made room for the column to pass. Governor Juan Bautista Vigil y Alarid received

General Kearny at the Palace. The Mexican official's manner was reserved but courteous. He observed that the American commander and his officers must be weary and invited them to refreshments. Just at sundown the flag of the Mexican republic was taken down and the Stars and Stripes run up. It was the beginning of a new era.

In the morning the Plaza was filled again. General Kearny and his staff appeared on the roof of the portal of the Palace. The general spoke through an interpreter.

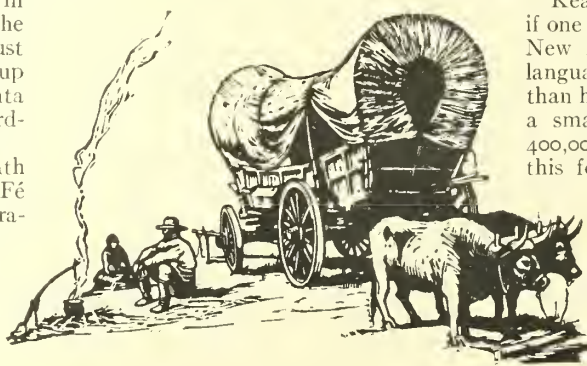
"We have come," he said, "to take possession of New Mexico, which we do in the name of the Government of the United States . . . We come as friends . . . Your families shall be safe . . . My soldiers shall take nothing but what they pay for . . ."

Governor Vigil made the response.

"General: The address which you have just delivered . . . gives us some idea of the wonderful future that awaits us." But "do not find it strange if there is no manifestation of joy in seeing this city occupied by your military forces. To us the power of the Mexican Republic is dead. No matter what her condition, she was our mother . . . We are cognizant of your kindness . . . We know that we belong to the republic that owes its origin to the immortal Washington . . . In the name, then, of the entire Department, I swear obedience to the Northern Republic and I render my respect to its laws."

That was the conquest of New Mexico by the United States. New Mexican soldiers have supported the Stars and Stripes in every war that has since been fought. Two descendants of Governor Vigil lost their lives in the World War and two others are post officers of The American Legion.

Kearny came eighty-one years ago, but if one were to learn of New Mexico from the New Mexicans and could speak only one language he would get farther with Spanish than he would with English. This is true by a small margin, but it is true. Of the 400,000 residents thinly distributed over this fourth largest of States sixty percent speak Spanish, most of them habitually. Allowing for the large Indian population the Anglo-Saxon contingent shrinks to about one-fourth of the whole and is concentrated in a few cities and in the northeast section of the State, and in the southeast section, or "Little





El Palacio Real—the Royal Palace—was the official residence of the viceroys, captains-general and governors of New Mexico from 1609 to 1910. It is now the state museum

Texas.” Both languages are officially recognized on the floor of the State Legislature.

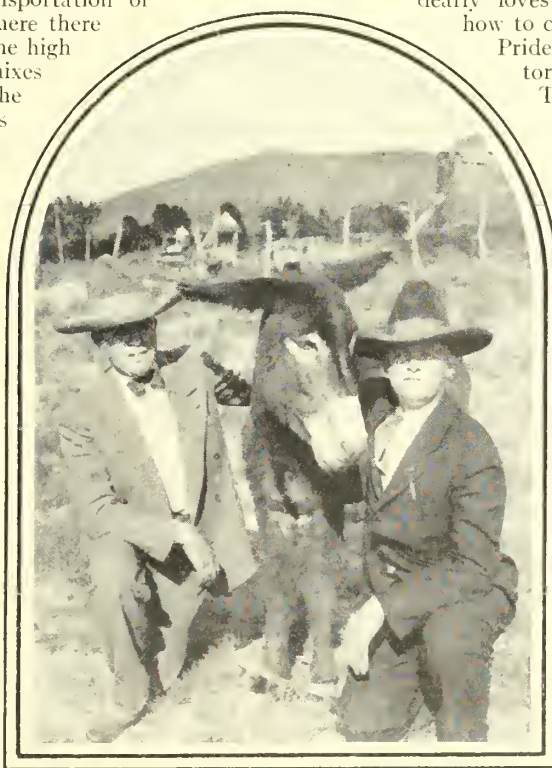
With the old language linger old manners and methods. Many of these have a long life before them yet because they express the natural genius of the country and of the people. Take the adobe house. It is the sensible house for New Mexico. It is easiest to build, involving no transportation of materials in a mountainous country where there are few roads and fewer railroads. The high and the low build adobe houses. One mixes up soil and water and wheat straw on the building site, moulds them into bricks about a foot square and four inches thick and lets them dry in the sun. Then build your walls, exterior and interior, anywhere from two to five feet thick and coat them inside and out with adobe plaster. Nature provides tints for this plaster running anywhere from brick red to yellow and gray; the artistic builder may take his pick or introduce artificial colors if he likes. The roof is laid on flat—sleepers of round logs, then boards and a covering of earth. That is the way to build an adobe house, whether a hut of one room or a hacienda of twenty.

Religion is another factor not susceptible of modification. It is the foundation upon which the old Southwestern civilization is built. The first Protestant congregation in New Mexico was organized, I believe, in the latter fifties. The feast days and fast days and fête days of the Roman calendar are as much a part of New Mexican life as the crystal air they breathe. Each town and hamlet has a patron saint to honor, and anniversaries concerned with the days of the conquistadores are observed as elsewhere we observe Thanksgiving and Washington's Birthday. Santa Fé

has its own Thanksgiving in June—De Vargas Day, in honor of Diego de Vargas, the “reconqueror” who in 1692 won back Santa Fé for the Spaniards after the Indians had chased them out. New Mexico also observes the Thanksgiving of Pilgrim origin, Washington's Birthday, and the rest, perhaps with more spirit than most Anglo-Saxon communities display. The New Mexican dearly loves a fiesta and from experience knows how to conduct one.

Pride of race, pride of family, pride of historical past hold these people together. These feelings are as strong with them as they are in Back Bay, Boston, or the Tidewater of Virginia. Yet ask a well-informed person to name a half dozen famous American families and the chances are he will call off a few New England and a few Southern names. Baca, Chavez, De Vargas, Montoya, Jaramillo, Padilla or Tafoya will not occur to him. Nevertheless, each of these had established its place in American history when—excepting Spanish St. Augustine and Port Royal—the Atlantic coast was a wilderness without a white man on it. They were the conquistadores. Baca has been mentioned. The original Chavez was an officer under De Vargas. Jaramillo and Padilla were lieutenants of Coronado's. A Montoya was the first alcalde of Santa Fé and a Tafoya the second one. These families have been conspicuous in every generation of New Mexican history for from three to four centuries and are prominent now. The list is not complete, but for purposes of illustration was checked off in five minutes' time by a man who knows New Mexican genealogy from an incomplete roster of local officers of The American Legion.

Without the courteous assistance of my Santa (Continued on page 60)



Jesus and Herman Baca, last year's Department Commander and Acting Department Adjutant of The American Legion in New Mexico. Their American ancestry goes back a matter of four hundred and one years

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

FUNDAMENTAL AMERICANISM

As Expressed in the Words of Washington and Lincoln

Washington

INTERWOVEN as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.

The unity of government which constitutes you one people is also now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence; the support of your tranquillity at home; your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity; of that very liberty which you so highly prize. But, as it is easy to foresee that from different causes, and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth—as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed—it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national Union to your collective and individual happiness—that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it, accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned, and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens by birth or choice of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of American, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations . . .

To the efficacy and permanency of your union a government for the whole is indispensable. No alliances, however strict between the parts, can be an adequate substitute. This government, the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support.

Respect for its authority, compliance with its laws, . . . are duties enjoined by fundamental maxims of true liberty.

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations. Cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it?—*Farewell Address, 1796.*

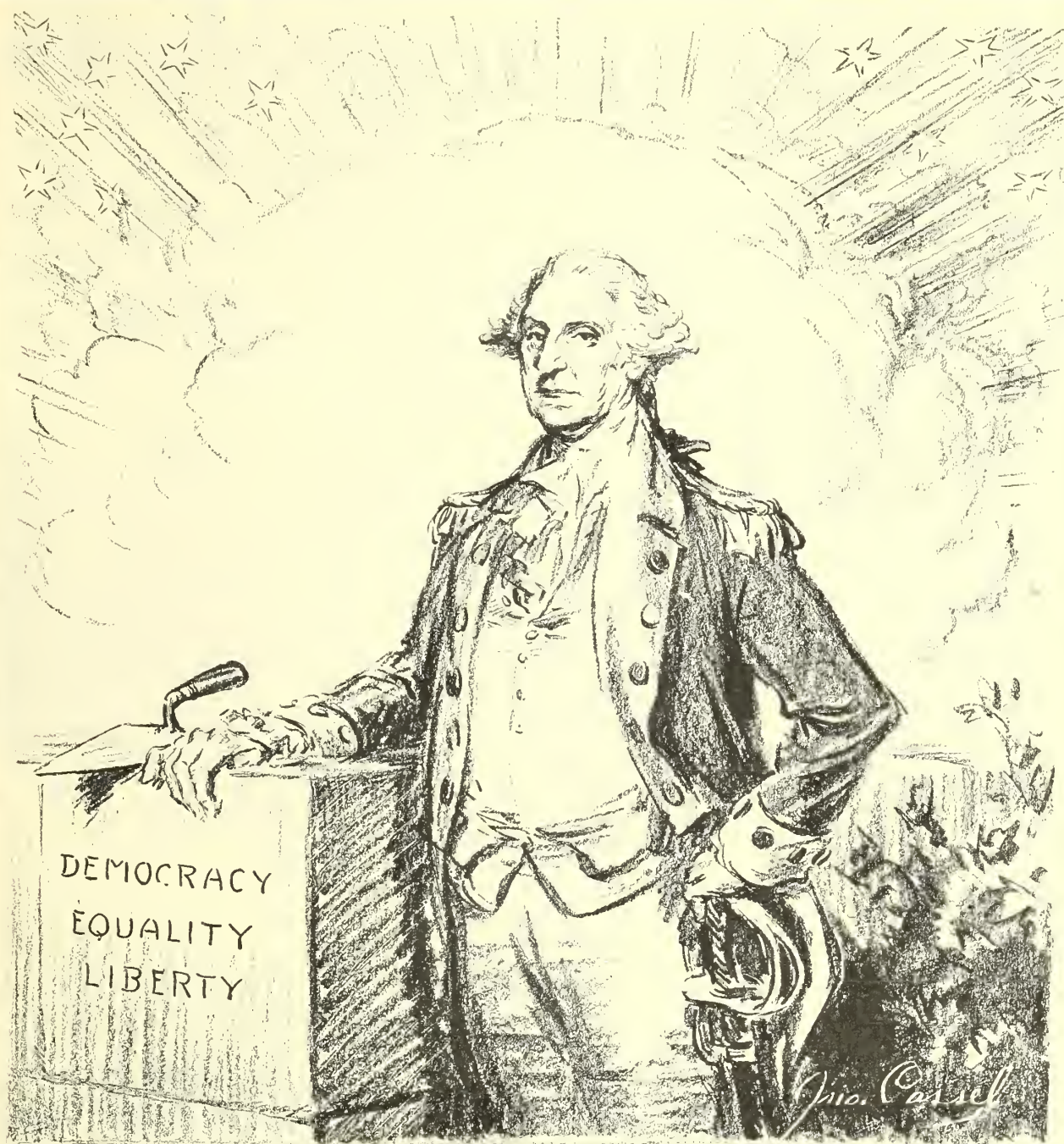
The United States ought not to indulge a persuasion that, contrary to the order of human events, they will forever keep at a distance those painful appeals to arms with which the history of every nation abounds. There is a rank due to the United States among nations which will be withheld, if not absolutely lost, by the reputation of weakness. If we desire to avoid insult we must be able to repel it; if we desire to secure peace—one of the most powerful instruments of our prosperity—it must be known that we are, at all times, ready for war.—*Address to Congress, 1793.*

Lincoln

WASHINGTON is the mightiest name on earth—long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty; still mightiest in moral reformation. . . . To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name and in its naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on.—*Address, Washington's Birthday, 1842.*

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place



FOUR-SQUARE

for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for

which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.—*Gettysburg Address, 1863.*

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.—*Second Inaugural Address, 1865.*

HERE'S LUCK!

By
*Hugh
Wiley*

NEARING Paris, the Gang contemplated the delights and perils of that wicked city. Following a rumor that all-day passes would be issued the moment the train stopped in front of the Eiffel Tower there came a sudden demand for a few essential words of the French language.

"How do you tell a girl it is a fine day?" somebody inquired.

"You wait a couple of weeks till the sun shines and then point to it. Where do you get that fine day stuff!"

"What do you say to a French gal when you ask her if she craves to take a stroll along the boulevard?"

"That ain't what worries me—what do you say to her when you get fed up on strolling?"

"Say boy—don't let that worry you neither. Just tell 'em 'Ah oui, Sister' to everything and you're bound to win every bet."

"I aim to duck these madamsells," Jugger announced. "I aim to devote myself to likker. You don't need no language for likker over here. All you say is Vang Blank, Vang Rooge or Coonyak, and when you get so you can't say neither one they keep bringin' it anyhow . . . Wish I had me another bottle of Shorty's vinegar."

All of these visions of delight gave way to a cold realization of the fact that collectively the Gang was out of luck when the train turned southward from Paris without stopping. All day long and steadily through the second acutely uncomfortable night the Regiment was hauled toward an unknown destination.

In the late afternoon of the second day of the journey, arriving at one of the suburbs of Bordeaux, the train stopped. "All out!

You're mighty close to home, sweet home," a trotting orderly from the colonel's car announced to each carload of 40 hommes.

"Where do we go from here?"

Shorty Goodwin, the company cook, volunteered an answer. "You birds go straight from here to a square meal if I can get a fire going," but there

was a delay in the square meal due to some complicated arrangement whereby, after backing and filling for half an hour, the Regiment straightened out in its march up a long hill to where, according to an optimistic French liaison officer, some of the best barracks in France awaited the welcome newcomers.

"The barracks—of what perfection! It is as the officer commanding this region, General Goizet-Diderot, has said, that nothing is perfect enough for these brave American friends of France."

Well, for one thing the barracks at Genimont were not perfect enough for these friends of France. Shower baths existed—but there was no water for them. The barracks had roofs over them, to be sure, but the roofs leaked. There was straw for a motley assortment of bed sacks, but these sacks swarmed with animal life and the straw was mouldy.

"The most modern and elaborate culinary arrangement for the kitchens," the French liaison officer explained, "is contemplated. Alas, at the moment perhaps—what you call it?—the campfire will suffice."

Hearing this, "Then again perhaps not," the Loot amended, aiming his remark at Spike Randall. "Get a detail and limber up



Third Episode: ENTENTE CORDIALE and OTHER DRINKS

Illustrations by
Herbert M. Stoops



For a fleeting moment the mayor and the colonel gazed upon the celebrating and then, in response to a bellowed invitation from old Joe Miller, pledged each other's health with a bottle of champagne

those field kitchens so Shorty can get to work," the Loot directed. "Bust out two or three scouting expeditions and see what we can do for some clean straw. Ball those damn bed sacks up and get 'em outside the huts. Hang onto those lanterns—looks like we might have to play another night shift and there are no lights in the damn camp."

The Regiment dined on goldfish and coffee. Taps at ten, and a check revealed a platoon or two of absentees from each company.

"Cawpril Badger is missing again. He got off at Paris."

"Fair enough," the Loot commented when the Top brought in his report. "I expected it would be a lot worse. Who's running the guard?"

"Lieutenant Gregg."

"He's a good head—blind as a bat when he has to be."

Until long after midnight a light burned in the colonel's tent where, with his adjutant and a shorthand expert who yawned considerably over his notes, a three-page typewritten order was being assembled for the company commanders.

The results of the colonel's labors showed the next morning at an hour when the regimental surgeon, inventing a superfluous inspection, collided head on with the colonel's project whereby, on parade, each company of the Regiment would have an opportunity of listening to a long essay on a visionary dream called the Entente Cordiale.

French at a Glance showed that this pair of words was not a fancy drink, but long before the cross-pull had destroyed the company commanders, both the colonel and the regimental surgeon had surrendered their personal ambitions in favor of a

brass-bound French officer whose life had been consecrated to the project of procuring a million dollars' worth of free pick and shovel work from the brave friends of war-torn France.

"The sewer, the latrine, the system of water and the road for wagons—she must be done all of a velocity," the Frenchman explained. "First, the farewell physical of the troop—then the inspection of his health—after that can come the words of friendship. That is the best—is it not so?"

It was not so, but nevertheless the Frenchman had his way.

"Assemble the companies and let the company commanders arrange the work details," the colonel conceded. "My order relative to the necessity for establishing and maintaining the Entente with the French can be read at Retreat tonight. These first impressions are strongest, and the French are a sensitive people."

When the companies were lined up some time after the news of the impending call for volunteers

in the pick and shovel campaign had spread, it developed that nearly all of the men in the construction regiment were at that moment first-class clerks and stenographers. "There don't seem to be any

roughnecks left in the outfit, Loot," Spike Randall reported.

"Forty ways. That simplifies everything. Every one of those shorthand experts gets himself a pick and a Number 2 muck-stick."

"What about the Gang? They didn't try to dodge anything."

"Hold 'em in camp for whatever soft jobs may come up. Maybe next time after the rest of the outfit get through manicuring that sewer job down at the Chinese camp by the river they won't try to duck the rough stuff."

At this moment an orderly from regimental headquarters appeared with a sheaf of orders and his little book. "Sign for 'em here, Lieutenant."

The Loot signed his name. Then, turning again to Spike, "I'll go down the hill with you and see what the job is as soon as you get the outfit equipped with its weapons. Hit the ball. Whatever the job is, let's get at it."

The first order on the stack was a summons to all of the officers of the Regiment to report immediately at regimental headquarters. Here, when they were assembled, the colonel addressed them briefly.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the officers of the Regiment have been honored by an invitation to dine tonight with the mayor of Genimont-Lowzac, Monsieur Aubre Tiffonet. Ladies will be present. General Goizet-Diderot, the French commander of this region, will be the guest of honor. The general will be accompanied by his staff—perhaps ten or fifteen officers. We will assemble here tonight at eight o'clock. The quartermaster will provide transportation."

The colonel, after a brief contemplative pause, launched forth into a resume of the theme of the long order which he had composed during the previous night.

"Gentlemen, a house divided against itself must fall. This will be your first social contact with officers of the French army. Much depends upon these first impressions. I need not direct your attention to the fact that harmony of effort and co-operation are the fundamentals without which the union of the French and American forces must mean no added striking power against our common enemy. Friction and internal strife between the French and ourselves cannot fail to nullify much of the sacrifice which our country is making. You will conduct yourselves accordingly, and I trust that the event will strengthen the unity, will increase the friendship existing between the United States and France."

The bonds of friendship, had the colonel but known it, were

receiving considerable attention from the newcomers even as he spoke. Patsy and Red Walker, seeking recreation in the midst of idleness, led half a dozen members of the Gang on a scouting expedition around the camp which resulted in an affiliation with a roving group of the local French population that had turned out to satisfy their curiosity concerning the Americans.

The Gang's vocabulary increased at the rate of a word a minute, and within an hour a good time was being had by all. "Listen, Cheery," Red Walker informed a comely girl, "you make a bokoo hit with me. Voolayvoo promenade pour vang rooge with me?"

Yes, of a certainty, if such were the wishes of the brave soldier. "Listen, Sister, cut out that lookin' sideways at that bird. He ain't no B Company man. He don't belong—savvy?"

"Oui, M'sieur." It was remarkable how readily they understood English.

"Voo ist married, Cheery?" The questioner, playing safe, looked over the trail ahead before he ventured to march upon it.

"Non, non, M'sieur." That is to say, the fair one was as good as single, her husband being somewhere in the front line trenches at the moment.

"Bong. Venay together avec me and j'ai will buy you une tray cher present . . . Leggo a her! What the hell! Me and her been walkin' for half an hour together. N'est-ce paw, Cheery?"

Yes to everything. Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité thrived mightily.

While the Gang enjoyed the companionship of congenial residents of the locality, the pseudo-stenographers who made up the work crew, having marched three or four miles down the hill from Genimont, came finally to the scene of their labors. Behind high walls stood forty acres of ammunition factories. Outside of these walls, strung along the bank of the Gironde, were long rows of huts wherein the French had housed three or four thousand Anamites who had been imported from the French colony.

These little brown men, many of them turned a bright yellow now from the fumes of the acids which rose about them in the powder plant, were utterly indifferent to sanitary affairs.

Dogs and garbage littered the streets fronting the huts of the camp while, on the river bank behind the huts, festering filth invited dormant epidemics of disease.

Here, clearing away the accumulated filth, opening clogged sewers and repairing broken drains, labored the best construction talent imported from the United States.

Due to a slip in the program, only a third of the work crew was equipped with tools.

The rest, standing by for a while, commented bitterly upon the nature of this first outlet for their patriotic energies; and then, having nothing better to do, the idlers were presently engaged in a verbal warfare with some of the little yellow Anamites who, encouraged by their droves of barking yellow dogs, screamed their resentment at the invasion of their premises.

One of them, gnashing a set of teeth blackened by betel nut juice, was foolish enough to augment his tirade with a display of cutlery. It left him swimming in the turgid Gironde along with fifty of his fellows almost before his gleaming knife had hit the ground.

In more than one sense that section of the camp was cleaned out, and then, seeking further pleasurable relief from their distasteful labors, the work crew moved on downstream to another section of the camp where new adventures, along with new work, might be found.

In the meantime, on the hill around the Regiment's camp at Genimont, prowling in ever widening circles, Patsy and Fat, Jugger and Isadog, Tex, Rex and Mex, along with the rest of the students of romance, drifted finally out upon the broad highway which led down the hill to the pleasant river town of Lowzac where, as some bearer of glad tidings reported, "Bokoo beer can be had—and they got real ice."

In the Café de Poisson in Lowzac, helping papa behind the bar, labored the lovely Fifi. Sighting Fifi, "Stick here a moment, mon cheery," a member of the gang said to the girl who accompanied him, "I got to parley avec a man . . ."

But presently the deserter, discovering ice under Fifi's external warmth, sought his abandoned companion.

"Bokoo beer!"

Then, into the group, accompanied by an American girl, came the Uplifter. "Any time you boys get down to Bordeaux there is writing paper and cigarettes at our place. Come in whenever you're lonely and we'll try to cheer you up. When did you men get to France?"

"We just got in this week. Do you give them cigarettes away down at your place?"

The Uplifter smiled, but before he could speak the American girl answered. "We charge merely enough to make the place self-supporting," she said.

A frown settled on the male Uplifter's face. As a matter of fact, the uplift business was all new stuff to him. A man of wealth, a good American, volunteering for army service the first day after the United States sat into the Big Game, this Joe Miller had been turned down by the army surgeons on account of his age and his weight and his heart and his eyes and five or six other things.

"That's my name—honest," he explained to a member of the gang who, looking sideways at the American girl, was suddenly strong on introductions. "Joe Miller—but I didn't write the joke book. This is Miss Gay Winning—she can play the piano something fit to make your feet migrate! You retreat into the billiard room over there, Miss Winning, and tear into that piano I see against the wall. Maybe we have songbirds with us."

Followed by a covey of music cravers, Miss Winning, the lady Uplifter, began her exit toward the piano in the billiard room of the Café de Poisson.

When she had left the group, Joe Miller heaved an honest sigh of relief, and then, "What'll you boys have?" he asked. To Fifi back of the bar, "Encore the beer if you please, Mademoiselle. Let these soldats Americains have anything they want and all of it they crave. Give me the check."

The Gang decided that here was a man who was white folks. Bitter experiences yet to come with other Uplifters were to stand black against the bright background of the party launched that afternoon by Joe Miller.

"Encore la beer, Fifi—bokoo beer!"

"Vang rooge!"

"Coonyak!"

The party began to become a real ruckus within the hour. Amateurs seeking to steady a local world which had suddenly begun to skid sideways every so often, fell back on footwork.

Some of the health seekers, starting along the highway which led down the river bank toward the ammunition factories at Bassens, established contact with the outposts of the work crew.

In a flash the news spread down the line. "There's a grand celebration down at Lowzac. Free beer! Rich bird down there buyin' all the beer in the world for us soldiers."

Hearing this, lacking orders, fearing two or three vigilant officers, a bright sergeant destined for higher things formed the outfit and marched them in a column of squads to the scene of revelry.

Overflowing presently, the Café de Poisson spilled some of its customers into the open square of Lowzac around which five or six other cafés lived and had their being.

A complaint reached Joe Miller's sympathetic ears. "Joe, that bird over across the way there won't sell us anything."

"Hell, kid, show him to me. I'll bet a steel mill to a centime he'll sell us something. If he doesn't we'll buy his place and have him wrap it up. Come along and show him to me."

When six cafés around the public square of Lowzac were flowing freely as all good cafés should, Joe Miller, millionaire patriot, stood alone for a moment and observed his handiwork.

"Goin' pretty good," he commented. "If I could only sidestep Miss Vinegar-Face Gay Winning the rest of the afternoon I might put on a real show for the boys."

Late in the afternoon, when news of the celebration had spread throughout the district and when practically all of the Regiment had joined forces with the local French population in celebrating the cause of Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité, Joe Miller again sized up his handiwork and found it not so bad. "They didn't let me





"Listen, Cheery," Red Walker informed a comely girl, one of the roving group of the local French population that had turned out to satisfy their curiosity about the Americans, "you make a bokoo hit with me"

into their private and exclusive Army, but the Army seems to like me just the same," he protested to three or four sympathetic members of the Gang.

"You're damn right, Joe!"

"Show me the fella that wouldn't let you into the Army and I'll break his damn neck."

"Joe, what's that uniform you got on—what's that three-cornered thing there on your arm?"

"That stands for Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. Whichever way you look at it you can see the point. Come on with me while

we open up another keg and show these babies some real stuff."

WHILE the next keg and yet other kegs were being opened by nearly all of the enlisted personnel of the Regiment, up the hill, after their mess in a camp which seemed to be strangely deserted, the officers of the Regiment began their preparation for the dinner party to which they had been invited by the Mayor of Genimont-Lowzac.

The Loot devoted himself to a twenty-minute review of the French language, adding perhaps a dozen (Continued on page 52)



HIGH WATER

By Alexander Gardiner

EARLY last November I was talking with the adjutant of a Legion post in a city of southern New England about that particular post's opportunities for service to its community. The adjutant, happy to hold forth on his favorite topic, pointed proudly to the Boy Scout troop which the post had organized, equipped and still guides now that it is through the swaddling-clothes stage; he showed me the record of service in behalf of disabled and unemployed ex-service men and their families and told in detail of a dozen other things the Legionnaires had done to make their town a better place to live in because a small proportion of its citizenry had banded together for service in peace as they had given it in war. It was the common, garden, run-of-the-mill recital of achievement that almost every post can recount. The adjutant, at its conclusion, evidently felt that perhaps I had expected something a little different, for he said:

"Now that's what we're doing. It isn't spectacular, but it's the kind of thing that makes a man proud to belong to the Legion. I know in other parts of the country they've run into emergencies that gave Legionnaires a chance to show some stuff, but who ever heard of an earthquake or a tornado or a flood in New England?"

Being a native of Western Massachusetts, I might have told him of the Mill River flood of the seventies that cost scores of lives and did immense property damage in the vicinity of Northampton. But that was so long ago I didn't try to convince him. I thought that speaking generally he was right. The greater part of New England consists of rolling hills and dipping valleys which carry small streams into a few large rivers that in turn flow peacefully along to lose themselves in salt water. The land isn't flat enough to offer aid and comfort to an incipient tornado. The rivers sometimes in the spring and fall get out of their banks and carry a chicken coop a couple of miles downstream, but rarely do more than force a few citizens living in the lowlands to substitute rowboats for automobiles for a few days. As for earthquakes—but perhaps we'd better rap wood.

That night, traveling by motor bus into Springfield Massachusetts, I ran into a driving rain that forced the bus into reduced speed. There was nothing remarkable about it; that type of rain-storm is fairly frequent everywhere. The bus deposited its pas-

sengers in Springfield a couple of hours late. It was still raining. What's

that joke about people always talking about the weather but never doing anything about it?

Next morning, newspaper headlines, which had been given over largely to stories of the Fall-Sinclair oil trial in Washington, had a new sensation in ninety-six point type. That hard driving rain of the evening before had put the finishing touch on earlier rains in northern New England. So the papers of November 4th told of dozens of communities in Vermont, Massachusetts and New Hampshire that had been swept by high water. Dams had given way, hundreds of bridges had gone out, railroad tracks had been swept away, thousands of people were homeless, there were rumors of heavy loss of life in Vermont. That part of Vermont lying east of the Green Mountain range was cut off from the rest of the world. More than seven inches of rain falling within thirty-six hours to smash records of fifty years' duration had done it.

New England, it appeared, was face to face with an emergency. And how would the Legion in these States react to it?

WATERBURY, Vermont, is a pleasant little town of some twenty-five hundred people lying on the banks of the Winooski River twelve miles northwest of Montpelier, the state capital, also on the Winooski. On Wednesday night, November 2d, the rain started to fall in this section. All night and all the next day and into the evening the rain fell in the streets of Waterbury. The river was rising, but it had been low and there was no occasion for worry, it appeared.

Suddenly, at about 6.30 Thursday evening, the rushing water rose quickly to the first floor of houses in the lower part of the town. A dam on the Mad River, which empties into the Winooski about six miles above Waterbury, had gone out and the raging torrent swept into the larger river and burst another dam. Picking up momentum the water swept onward, making new channels wherever a dam held fast against the pressure of its debris-cluttered mass. Tearing into embankments carrying railroad tracks and wiping out the sturdy supports of ties and rails the flood moved down upon Waterbury, now aroused to the danger.



Pittsfield, Massachusetts, Legionnaires on fatigue duty in the nearby town of Becket, whose center, swept away following the bursting of a dam, they helped rebuild. At the left is shown the two hundred foot suspension bridge over the White River put up in thirty-six hours by a gang many of whom are members of Bethel, Vermont, Post of the Legion

Darkness had fallen in the meantime and in their homes along what had been the north bank of the river people were planning to wait out the flood, climbing up to the second floor and preparing to go into the attics if the water should continue to rise. By this time telephone service had been given up, so that there was no opportunity to send out calls for aid. The two bridges which span the usually placidly winding Winooski between Waterbury and the state capital were picked up by the berserk waters and tossed aside. Farmhouses, fences and chicken coops, garages and outhouses broke up in the surge of waters which, dragging along telegraph poles jerked loose from their wires, bore down on the clustered houses with a roar that struck dismay into the hearts of the little clusters of watchers waiting in the ever widening path of the terror that rode the waters. Periodically a house would give way, swing off its foundations and start on a crazy journey across what had been a street and smash up against a tree, to stay there until the waters went down. Occasionally people set forth on improvised rafts from upper windows in the hope of reaching the higher ground in the western part of the town. It was in this manner that most of the twenty-two who died in the awful struggle of this never-to-be-forgotten night met their fate.

George E. Carpenter, commander of Waterbury Post of the Legion and postmaster of the town, took in the seriousness of the situation late in the afternoon. Warning his neighbors, he and Legionnaire William Collins, chief of the fire department, and Carl Miller among others cast about for boats to carry to higher ground those trapped in their homes. From 6.30 Thursday evening until Friday noon these Legionnaires spelled each other in manning an old flat-bottom rowboat and a fragile canvas canoe that they used in getting people to safety.

Harry Cutting, service man of the post and untiring worker in the cause of disabled veterans, went to several houses warning people to get out before it was too late. As a result he did not reach his own home until his wife and three children, ranging in age from two to seven years, were leaving the first floor for the bedrooms above. Mr. Cutting started constructing a raft as soon as he had assured his wife and the children that there was no immediate danger. Taking down half a dozen doors he placed them



Legionnaires of Springfield, West Springfield and Agawam in Massachusetts, besides assisting hundreds of persons imperiled by the swollen waters of the Connecticut River, saved a number of valuable horses quartered in the Eastern States Exposition grounds at West Springfield. Here's how

near a second story window and got ready to launch them if the necessity should arise. The rescuers in the flat-bottom boat and the canoe were busy in other streets and would have found it exceedingly difficult to take off the Cutting family had they tried to reach the house. The hours slipped by and the water kept rising while the little family waited and watched by the light of candles, hoping the waters would start to go down. But at three o'clock in the morning, when the water was seeping on to the floor where they stood Mr. Cutting decided that he had better launch his raft and not wait for a possible break-up of the house.

Putting the six doors outside the window, and lashing them together, two deep and three wide, he helped Mrs. Cutting and the children get safely aboard. He himself swam at the back of the raft, with the intention of steering it. Down what had been the main street of the town, past houses almost submerged, the queer craft shot along. Less than half a mile away was higher



When other means of transport became out of the question Legionnaires of Northfield, Vermont, used pack horses to carry sorely needed supplies to flooded Moretown. Here's one of the detachments that made the trip of nine adventurous miles over washed-out roads

ground and safety. It looked as if they were going to make it. And then in a moment stark tragedy reached up through the roaring water, upset the raft and threw its human cargo into the maelstrom. Mrs. Cutting and the three children disappeared in the darkness of the flood. Desperately, vainly, Legionnaire Cutting fought to get hold of at least one of his loved ones. For a few minutes his own plight was desperate. Finally he caught hold of a tree and was later able to make his way to safety. Besides the four members of the Cutting family, eighteen people in Waterbury died that night in trying to reach high land.

At four o'clock Friday morning the water started to go down. Forty of the eighty-five members of Waterbury Post had lost their homes or had had their business places inundated, but they joined other Legionnaires who assisted in getting people out of the houses where they had spent a night of horror, and brought them up to the Congregational church, where under the direction of Rev. Chauncey A. Adams, a member of Waterbury Post, the women of the town were setting up a community mess. In the school house and in homes that had been untouched by the flood lodging was found for those whose houses had been swept away or were being disclosed as silt-mired hulks as the mad waters dwindled. But rescuers and rescued were not to sleep. Men, women and children set to work with a will to dig out the town, gather up the dead, and get things as near normal as possible. A train carrying eighteen car-loads of milk to Boston had been marooned in Waterbury, but luckily was on ground not affected by the flood. Eight hundred inmates of the State Hospital for the Insane and two hundred attendants who had cared for them during the nerve-wracking experiences of the night, were given a good portion of this milk, and the rest was distributed throughout the town.

There was absolutely no communication with the outside world. There was no water for drinking purposes, ironically enough, and no electricity. Six days were to elapse before the lights came on, and it was not until November 13th, three more days, that the water system resumed operations. Even after the postmaster had succeeded in getting mail out to Burlington and soldiers from Fort Ethan Allen had

come into the town, it was necessary for automobiles to travel over back-country roads seventy miles to reach Montpelier, twelve miles away in a straight line.

I HAVE gone into some detail concerning what happened to Waterbury and what its Legionnaires did because on a smaller scale the work of rescue and rehabilitation went on in the same way in a hundred towns scattered through four States—Connecticut joined the others early the following week. Wherever life or property was in danger the Legionnaires mobilized for action and stayed on the job until it was done. And one of the most warming things about the whole relief situation was the way in which Legionnaires scattered over the country sent in money and food and clothing to relieve distress. The places in

New England that mercifully had been spared the experience of fighting water on a rampage did work that was notable, and in general lived up to the Legion's creed of service in the hour of need. Some posts sent money, others carried food and clothing. It is impossible in the compass of this article to mention more than a couple of them. The Auxiliary Unit of Derry, New Hampshire, Post and Melrose, Massachusetts, Post each sent trucks into Montpelier loaded with warm clothes, canned food and medicine, and Derry Legionnaires went along in four other cars loaded down with things calculated to bring cheer. When you see your home swept away and the future looks black as you eat at a community mess and have to boil your drinking water, the kindly helping hand of a more fortunate neighbor is an inspiring thing. Blessed indeed are those who come with aid in such circumstances.



Part of the waterlogged section of Montpelier, the capital of Vermont, where Legionnaires gave valuable assistance in rescue work, and in rehabilitation after the water went down

THE property loss in the flood is believed to be little below a hundred millions of dollars and the toll of lives was about one hundred and fifty. Not until late this spring will it be possible to calculate finally the full damage to the most seriously hit communities in Vermont and Western Massachusetts. Several hundred bridges went out during the course of the flood and while some of these were of wood and along roads that have so little traffic that the bridges will not be rebuilt the vast majority of (Continued on page 48)

❧ A PERSONAL VIEW ❧

by
Frederick Palmer

OUT OF ALL the ideas and information poured into my eager ears the idea of most widespread interest came from talking with the education experts. It

The Idea That Stuck

is a message to all parents, the clergy, and every citizen. The past tendency has been to take the schools out of the home, to leave all education and direction to the schools. Now we must get the schools back into homes. True education and character building begin there.

THE LEGION DOES not ask for things just for the sake of asking for something and keeping itself before Congress.

Under Three Heads

Three important things at this session: the National Draft Law, calling for equality in war sacrifice; the Emergency Officer's Bill which would give an officer disabled in action an officer's retired pay; and free hospitalization for all World War Veterans. Not so much, but sound.

I HAVE BEEN looking things over in Washington, where politics are boiling. Politicians are asking how "the little

Asking the Little Fellow

fellow" back on the side roads and side streets feels. Easy to forget him in off years. This is Presidential year. Does he think that he is getting his share? Will he stand party-hitched? His vote counts as much as the big fellow's and there are more of him.

BUT THERE IS always more than politics in Washington. While parties plan and factions groom candidates, the government goes on. A visit to Wash-

Bigger Than Politics

ington always takes you out of the ruts. You meet all sections of the country, feel the pulse of national life. You drop into the Treasury Department where they talk of eight billions of war debt paid off; into the Agriculture Department where all reports are not so rosy; into the State Department where minds are on missions and consulates under the flag at the ends of the earth; into the Labor Department where minds are on settling a strike; into the office of the Commissioner of Education where minds are on millions of school children. So, you get the parts of the whole.

THE MAN IN THE White House has to co-ordinate the whole after Congress has had its say. Who will have the

A New Boss Is Coming

hardest job in the world after March 4th, 1929? The question of who the new boss will be is as intense to the departments as a similar change in their arrangements would be to the workers in an office or factory. It is only a few minutes' walk from Hoover's

present desk to the White House desk. Washington knows him. It also hears that Al Smith, Dawes, Lowden and Ritchie are easy to get acquainted with.

WHOEVER BECOMES THE big boss, the permanent officials will remain. They are the ones with whom you conduct detailed business. They keep the machine running behind the fronts of the cabinet officers. From the experts of the State Department on through to

The Men Behind

those of public health, commerce, finance, and all others, what they ask is an understanding boss of big calibre, be he Democrat or Republican.

THE MOST COURTED and damned of men in Washington is the Director of the Budget, Gen. Lord. You must have

Courted and Damned

his favor to get appropriations you seek for your department. After you have pleaded your best he may leave you sore by lopping off what seems a vital item. It is complained that he chooses the items instead of granting so much money and leaving the choice to the Department. He never expects to meet a Department that has all the money it wants.

WITH THE SEARCHLIGHTS blazing on it, the great dome of the Capitol stands forth even more dominant by night than

Keeping the Light on It

by day. There is no escaping its majestic suggestion which holds you in supreme national thought. The haunting majesty of it ought to make narrow men nation-broad, little men nation-big; and shrivel up the rawhide souls of those who got a seat in Congress by money purchase, false promises, and cheap political tricks.

VERY IMPORTANT IN their districts which sent them forth, like the man off to war from his home village, are the new

They Press On

members of the House of Representatives. But they are rookies to the elders of long service, to the top sergeants of legislative experience who assign them to the bottom of minor committees. Then they are reminded that if they are wise they will work and drill hard, salute their superiors, and never kick at being put on fatigue duty. Then maybe, bye and bye, they will amount to something in the legislative battalion.

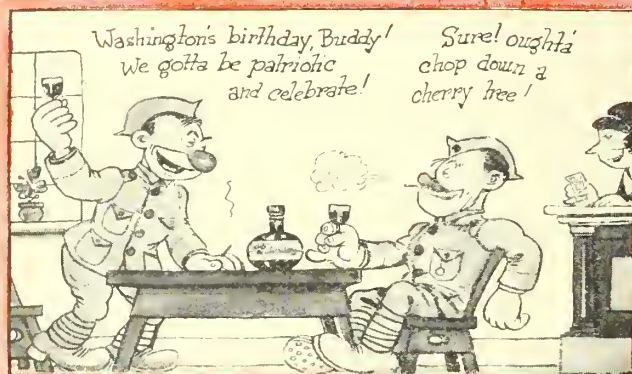
So it was with the early squad of war-service youngsters, who came from the trenches where they had learned more than legislative discipline, and took their seats in the back row with the Speaker in the distance on his throne looking as formidable as a corps commander.

They played the game, drilled, (*Continued on page 72*)

SPEAKING OF CHERRIES

An Incident of 1918

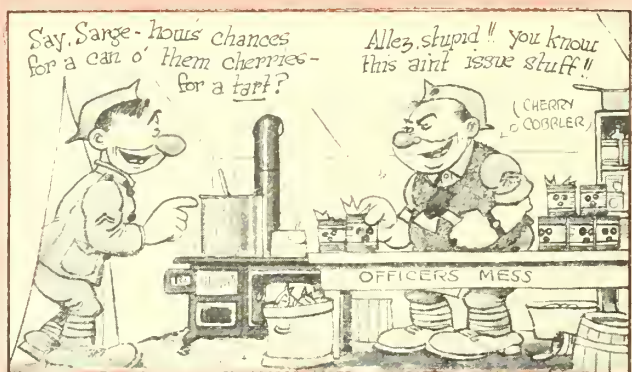
By Wallgren



Cherry Brandy



Cherry Tree



Cherry Cordial



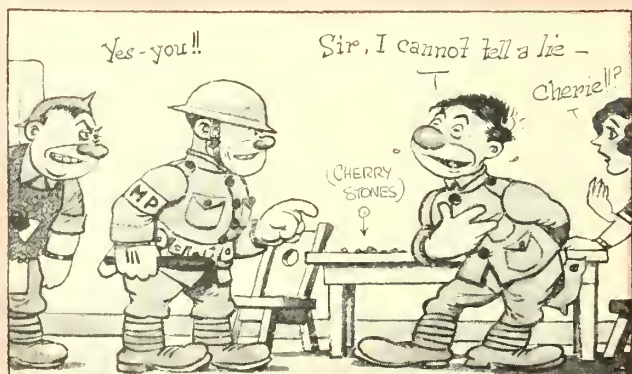
Cherry Jam



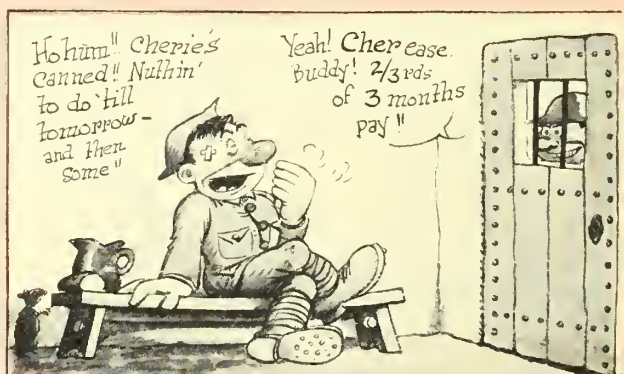
Cherie Tart



Cherry Pie



Cherry Flip



Cherie Preserve

Bursts and Duds

THE PROFESSIONAL VIEWPOINT

The cowpuncher was viewing the Grand Canyon for the first time. Speechless, he stared into its awe-inspiring depths.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked a bystander who was impressed by the puncher's silence in the presence of the stupendous spectacle.

"I was just a-thinkin'," drawled the cowboy, "that it would be a hell of a place to get cattle out of."

ABSOLUTELY FOOLPROOF

The chairman of the banquet committee of the Doggy Club buttonholed Brown just before the festivities were to start.

"Jones is unconscious at home as a result of drinking some bootleg liquor," he announced, "and you're elected to serve as toastmaster. I'll give you the names of the speakers in a minute."

"But all this gang know all my stories; they've heard them a thousand times!" protested Brown.

"Oh, I'll fix that. I just got Jones's bootlegger on the phone and he's furnishing the drinks."

SCOTCH JOKE NO. 2,000,002

It seems there were a couple of Scotch aviators.

"And what did ye give your navigator for helping you win the race?" inquired Sandy.

"Why," said Angus in surprise, "I gave him the ride."

THE INSULT

"Has Ted ever kissed you?" asked Ida.

"I should say not!" denied Ina indignantly. "Why?"

"Oh, he just happened to tell me the other night that he hadn't."

"The liar!"

POMDETAIR FINEESH

"They grinned when the waiter spoke to me in French."

"But why? They knew that you speak it fluently."

"Ah! He was a Greek waiter and spoke A. E. F. French."

PREPARE FOR WAR

Janet: "How do you know she is sure of getting a husband?"

Janice: "I just now saw her sneak a gun into her hope chest."

THE DIVINE SPARK

"I hope you tuned in WZQX this morning, Willie," hoped Aunt Martha. "There was a wonderful church service on the air."

"I sure did, Auntie," replied Willie enthusiastically, "and, say, I got thirty-seven other stations between the Doxology and the Benediction!"

WHEN LOVING SONS GET TOGETHER

A couple of mammy singers from musical comedy met on the street.

"Hear from home lately, Jack?" asked one.

"Yeah," snorted Jack. "The old lady wants money again! An' after me sendin' her a five-dollar bill only last Mother's Day!"

THE GOOD PROVIDER

A couple of neighbors were discussing their respective husbands.

"Is your husband generous with spending money?" asked Mrs. Slab.

"I guess he must be," returned Mrs. Drab tartly. "I never see any."

SYNTHETIC TIMES

"So you'd like to marry my daughter, eh?" asked the girl's father. "What do you make?"

"Nothing, sir," replied the suitor proudly. "I don't ever touch the stuff."

DESPERATE CASE

A couple of veterans had been immersed in a scientific magazine.

"Believe me," cried the first, emerging from the pages, "with all these new inventions, the next war is going to be hell on soldiers, or I miss my guess."

"I'll tell the world," agreed the second. "In the next war even a field clerk's life won't be safe."

SOCIAL ERROR

"I certainly wish I'd thought twice before marrying you," snapped Wifey.

"I'd be satisfied if I'd thought just once," retorted Friend Hubby.

NATURAL ERROR

A farmer was trying out his new automatic shotgun at the expense of a hawk that had been getting a bit too rough with the chickens. Just as he started his bombardment, his wife in the house turned on the radio.

"Well, what do you know about that?" she exclaimed. "I've got Chicago!"

"BY ANY OTHER NAME"

Simpkins reached the gate just in time to see his train disappearing in the distance.



"Sorry you missed her, sah," sympathized the Red Cap.

"Oh, that's all right. That train was going to take me to my wedding in Chicago."

"Shuh, you ain't missed yo' train a-tall. What you wants is the Fight Special. Leaves in half a hour."

ONE ON HIM

"What do you think of a guy who would marry just for the fun of it?"

"I'd think he was a pretty good practical joker."

SATISFACTORY

"Is this skirt too short?" asked Mrs.

"Great heavens, woman!" cried Mr. "Of course it is!"

"Good!"

LITERAL

They were newly married and here and there a rift was already showing in the lute.

"Here," he snapped one morning. "What are you reading my letter for? Can't you see it says 'private' on it?"

"Well," she responded with suspicious sweetness, "I'm reading it privately. aren't I?"

CHANCE TO AID

"Poor man!" ejaculated the prison visitor. "I wish I could do something to get you out of here."

"Well, mum," suggested the convict hopefully, "if you wouldn't mind changin' clothes wit' me when de guard ain't lookin', I could do de rest."

PROGRESS

In 1918: "Close the saloons and save the boys!"

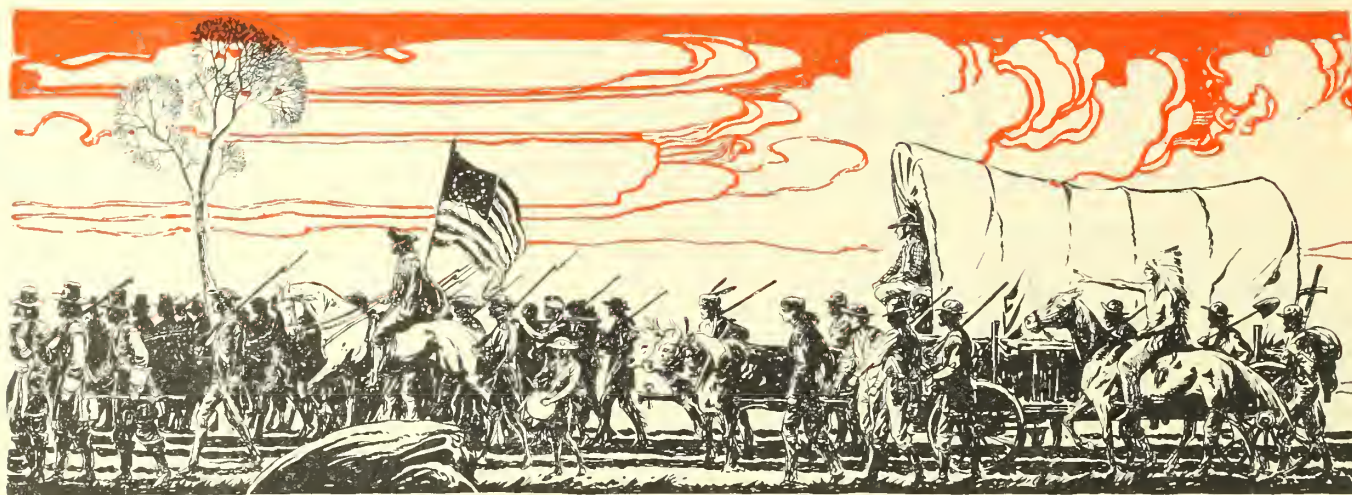
In 1928: "Close the garages and save the girls!"

IN 1957

"John, dear," said the wife, "look at that smoke ring! Wouldn't you say I was improving my technique a whole lot?"



"Yes, my love," he countered, "but you should have seen the ones mother used to make in the good old bicycle days!"



KEEPING

That Million-Dollar Clubhouse

JOE FRANK, Adjutant of Harvey W. Seeds Post of Miami, Florida, gave the Step Keeper a bit of a jolt by referring off-hand to his post's "million-dollar clubhouse." That seemed a bit thick until the Step Keeper looked at the photograph which Mr. Frank sent. A glimpse of the clubhouse and its surroundings made the million-dollar stuff sound plausible. The Step Keeper, however, recalls the Florida story which was current about two years ago, the one about the allotment expert who boasted to his friend that he had just sold his thousand-dollar dog. "What," exclaimed the friend, "you got a thousand dollars in cash for him?" "Well, not exactly that," the realtor returned, "I traded him for two \$500 cats." But we leave it to anybody—if Miami's clubhouse and the boulevard fronting it do not look like a real million dollars, the Champs Elysees is an alley. Take a look at the photograph. Besides, Harvey W. Seeds Post lives up to the million-dollar stuff.

Mr. Frank says his post hopes to entertain many visiting Legionnaires when the Elks and Shriners hold their national conventions in Miami this year. Forty other national organizations will also hold conventions in Miami in 1928.

The Cracker Champs Elysees

QUALIFYING as the Legion travelogger for this issue, Joe Frank supplies some other facts that explain why Miami is hoping to obtain the 1929 national convention of The American Legion. "We feel that Biscayne Boulevard will provide a better setting for the Legion's annual convention parade than any American city has so far provided," Mr. Frank says. "Our boulevard is seven miles long. It is the continuation of the Federal Highway to Miami which starts in Montreal, Canada. In the photograph, the roof garden of Harvey W. Seeds Post's clubhouse appears in the foreground. During every month in the year we hold dances and entertainments in the open air."

Right here the Step Keeper wants to remind everybody that Harvey W. Seeds Post ended 1927 with more than 1,850 members. If that doesn't give a Post Adjutant a reason for sounding off, there are plenty of other reasons. For example, there is the post's drum-and-bugle corps of fifty-two members which dazzled all Paris as it had dazzled a string of American convention cities. As an example of the post's resourcefulness, the Step Keeper recalls

a clean-up campaign in which the post gathered 1,890 tons of scrap metal and sold it at a big profit. Welton A. Snow, Past Adjutant of the post, was recently elected City Manager of Miami. Past Post Commander C. H. Reeder, who was chiefly instrumental in getting the site for the post clubhouse, was elected a City Commissioner. Incidentally, the land on which the clubhouse is located was presented to the post by the city. It is one of the most valuable tracts along the boulevard. That million-dollar stuff isn't stretching it much, if at all.

Everything But Vote Buying

MR. FRANK didn't tell everything about Harvey W. Seeds Post in Miami. Opportunely there comes to the Step Keeper a letter from J. F. Dunlap, once of Bakersfield, California, but now selling real estate in Miami. Mr. Dunlap remarks casually that "Harvey W. Seeds Post held its election of officers last week and over six hundred ballots were cast."

"Our polls were open from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.," Mr. Dunlap added. How many other posts hold elections that way? Mr. Dunlap didn't say whether any of the candidates handed out free cigars or played up to the Auxiliary for the home vote by kissing the babies.

Before signing off on Miami, the Step Keeper declares that the Legion Travelog is still open. Anybody want to say a few words for Detroit or Hot Springs, for Louisville or Los Angeles, Boston or Seattle, or for any other city which hopes to get the national convention in 1929 or later?

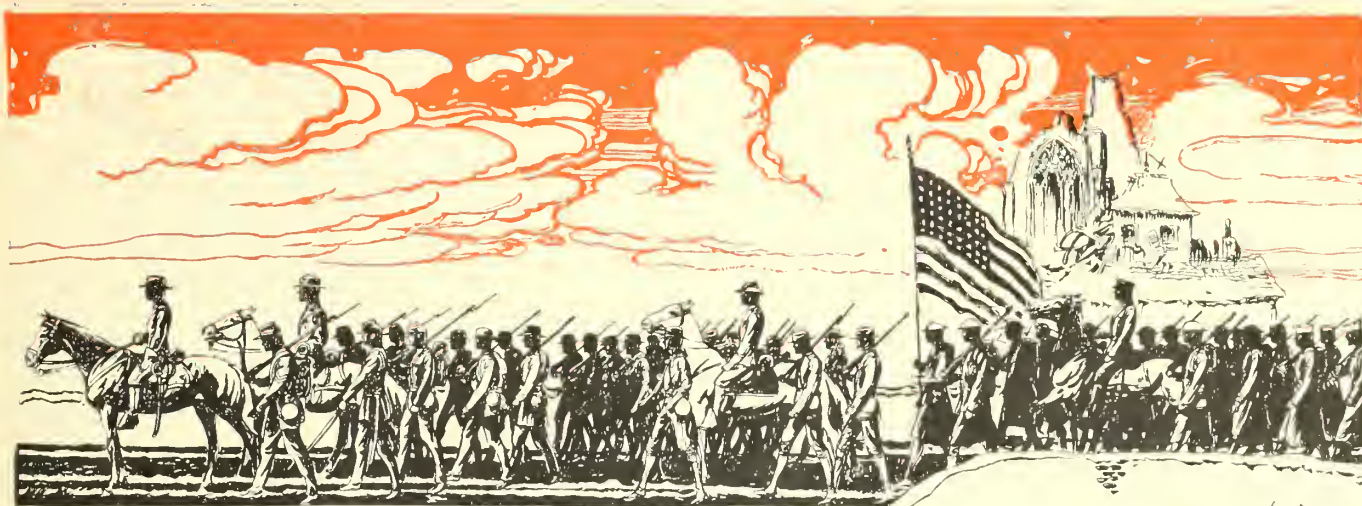


A glimpse of the roof garden of Harvey Seeds Post's clubhouse and Biscayne Boulevard in Miami, Florida

They Were Afraid to Die

THE road leading to the cemetery at Buffalo, Wyoming, had been a disgrace for years; dusty and rutty in the best of weather and a perfect quagmire after a rain. Moreover, to add to its drawbacks, there was a rickety and dangerous bridge on this rudimentary highway. Nobody wanted to die in Buffalo if for no other reason than because they shrank from a last ride over that road. So Powder River Post of Buffalo decided to live up to its

historic and dynamic name by doing something for the benefit of the community, even if it was only in smoothing the way to the cemetery. Though about three-fourths of its ninety-three members are farmers on irrigated lands, a goodly proportion of them got together on an appointed day and proceeded to reconstruct the bridge, after which they hauled gravel and



STEP

surfaced the road from the town clear out to the cemetery. Now Buffalo can thank its Legionnaires that the last long mile isn't the hardest any more.

Legionnaire Joseph Mills Hanson of Yankton, South Dakota, told us this. He told us also what some other Powder River country posts have done. Watch Keeping Step!

When Vermont Met Vermont

CALVIN COOLIDGE of Vermont met Edward E. Spafford of Vermont at the White House in November. When the rotogravure sections of the newspapers published photographs taken at the meeting, a lot of analysts commented on the personal resemblance of the President and the National Commander, and some were reminded of the influence of climate and geography on physical characteristics and habits and speech. Here were two men who had grown up in sight of mountain peaks, in neighboring towns, in a section in which people speak with a twang and drawl but practice conservation of conversation. Both had left mountain neighborhoods as boys, but each today has retained at least recognizably the distinctiveness in manner and speech which Vermonters acknowledge with pride. It is not on record whether many or few words were spoken at the meeting in the White House. The only other person present was a New Yorker with Virginia education, Donald C. Strachan of New York City, Chairman of the National Legislative Committee of The American Legion. Mr. Strachan is a lawyer and a Past Commander of the Department of New York.

National Commander Spafford and Chairman Strachan called upon the President to present a summary of the main legislative objectives of The American Legion in the present session of Congress. They presented to Mr. Coolidge an outline of the proposals which the Legion is advocating. They explained to him that those proposals had been drawn up at The American Legion's national convention in Paris by more than a thousand delegates representing three-quarters of a million Legionnaires. A cross section of the whole American people.

National Commander Spafford explained to President Coolidge that The American Legion is particularly anxious that Congress take action on five major proposals. The foremost of these, he said, is the Universal Draft Bill, which The American Legion has been consistently advocating for five years. This bill is in accord with the President's expressed views, as Mr. Coolidge

had endorsed the principle of the bill in an address at The American Legion's national convention in Omaha in 1925 and in another address at the dedication of the World War Memorial in Kansas City in 1926. The other four proposals are: the bill for the retirement of Disabled Emergency Officers on the same rights as those already possessed by eight of the nine classes of officers who served in the World War; a program for additional hospital construction to provide approximately 5,000 new beds, mostly for patients suffering from tuberculosis and mental and nervous diseases; legislation to effect the transfer of operation and control of the National Soldiers' Homes to the Veterans Bureau; adequate financial provision by Congress for the maintenance of the Army and Navy at sufficient strength to meet any emergency which might reasonably be anticipated at this time.

National Commander Spafford's summary also included facts on many other measures favored at Paris.

Everybody's War

NATIONAL Commander Spafford presented to President Coolidge the following statement on the Universal Draft Bill:

"The act we propose provides that the entire man-power of the country, without stint or limitation, must be subject to the call of country for military or industrial service without distinction as to wage for similar classes of effort. There must be no exception under the basic law. All the material resources of the nation must similarly be subject to the call of the nation without stint. Production must be continued as in peacetime and at peace prices. Prices must be so fixed that no one makes a profit by reason of the war; which profit would necessarily be at the expense of those who are giving their services and blood. Those who will not work must be made to fight—and those who cannot fight must do the highest type of work for which they are fitted."

The Universal Draft Bill has been given public hearings by the Military Affairs Committees of both houses, but it has never been reported out of committee, National Commander Spafford pointed out. He added that sentiment in Congress is overwhelmingly in favor of the principle of the bill but that,



National Commander Spafford and Chairman Strachan of the National Legislative Committee call on the President

K E E P I N G S T E P

because of the many interests involved, strong leadership will be necessary to make the proposed law a reality. "The Legion, aided by the powerful influence of the Chief Executive, proposes to supply this leadership, so that the measure may be enacted before the termination of the coming session," Commander Spafford said.

Glistening Stones

TALL shafts of stone bearing statues carved by noted sculptors commemorate the valor of American service men in the World War. They have been erected in hundreds of communities. Cities have striven to surpass one another in the beauty and magnitude of their war memorials. But in a pleasant little valley in California stands a World War monument which deserves to rank with all the costly pillars which have been erected, all the massive piles of carved and ornamented stone—although it cannot rival them—because it represents the handiwork and the loving tribute of one man and his wife. It rises twenty-two feet in a tapering column composed of beautifully colored little stones gathered in Monterey County. It is situated in Carmel Valley among the trees, and since its dedication several years ago by Salinas Post of The American Legion it has been a shrine for the Legionnaires of a wide section of California and from afar.

The builders of the monument are Frederick Ponciano Feliz and Nellie Feliz, his wife. Grateful for the return of their two sons from the war and wishing to pay a tribute to all who served their country, Mr. and Mrs. Feliz began collecting stones for the monument soon after the war ended. In their spare time—Mr. Feliz is a lawyer—they sought out the stones they needed in all parts of their county, stones that glistened in the sunlight. With their own hands they erected the monument's base and the shaft that surmounts it. On one face of the shaft is a carving of George Washington; on the other is a carving of General Pershing. And upon the monument is this inscription:

"This monument is erected to commemorate throughout the ages, the valor of the American Legionnaires—preservers of our liberty and upholders of the honor and glory of our Army and Navy. God grant that they and their children, unto the last generation, keep Old Glory waving above, untarnished, unconquered."

Binghamton and Bermuda

IN 1910 the citizens of Binghamton, New York, gave to Binghamton Post a clubhouse of twenty-two rooms, a beautiful building architecturally. Today the clubhouse has an auditorium annex, with seats for many hundreds. The clubhouse is furnished throughout with period furniture and oriental rugs. It has a fully-equipped grill and dining room, music and radio rooms, card and trophy rooms, pool and billiard rooms and bowling alleys, shower baths and other features of an up-to-date club. The clubhouse library, a gift, is valued at more than \$25,000.

In 1927 Binghamton Post had 954 members. Its annual dues are \$5, of which the post itself retains \$3.50. For a clubhouse burning ninety tons of coal a year and having a staff of a paid secretary, chef, steward and janitors, the post's share of dues, amounting to \$3,339, would not meet the expenses. The operating expenses are \$10,000 a year.

Now, Binghamton Post might have raised dues or it might have started trimming down on expenses all along the line. A large increase in dues might have been approved by a majority

of members, but it would have meant hardship for some. A drastic economy program would have meant the elimination of things which all the members knew were worth far more than the cost of maintaining them. So the post did the sensible thing—it found a way to get the money it needed.

Right here it may be stated that Binghamton Post has never passed the hat in its city. It made the money it needed for its clubhouse expenses by giving the citizens of Binghamton a vast return in pleasure and entertainment in a single social event which was one of the most popular entertainments ever held in the city. It gave a Mardi Gras Ball. Keep on reading! Old stuff, somebody may remark. But don't feel too sure about that. Hear what Vice Commander Charles F. Philley of the post tells of the way Binghamton Post conducted its ball. And remember that the post made in clear profit just \$3,500 from this one dance. Isn't that a record?

"Attendance means success or failure of a Mardi Gras," Mr. Philley says, in introduction, and adds: "Our post made sure of attendance. When the night of the ball arrived, the post had to use two of the largest dance floors in Binghamton—the State Armory and the Shrine Temple. There were orchestras in both places. More than 7,000 persons danced in fancy costumes. The *Binghamton Press* helped make this possible. It helped the post by conducting the post's ticket selling contest. Fifteen girls, each representing a leading Binghamton industry or store, entered the contest in the names of the companies for which they worked. The tickets sold for one dollar a couple and each ticket entitled the buyer to cast 100 votes for the seller. Each night there appeared in the newspaper a ballot good for one vote. The contest began October 20th and ended November 10th. Every day the newspaper published an article on the contest and gave the tabu-

lated vote standings of all the contestants.

"The post offered as rewards ten-day trips to Bermuda and return to the four girls polling the highest number of votes. It paid all the expenses of the trips and provided a chaperon, selected in a separate contest conducted by the post's Auxiliary unit. The chaperon, incidentally, was Mrs. Ann Seymour, Past President of the New York Department of the Auxiliary, the wife of Dr. Charles Seymour, Vice Commander of the Department of New York.

"The young lady who won the title of 'Miss Legion' represented the Endicott-Johnson Corporation, nationally known shoe manufacturers. With the assistance of her organization she polled over 130,000 votes. 'Miss Fowler's,' who was second, represented a Binghamton department store and polled over 101,000 votes. 'Miss Security Mutual,' representing the Security Mutual Life Insurance Company, polled over 90,000 votes. 'Miss Happiness' was fourth. Representing the local store selling Happiness Candy, she polled 69,500 votes."

Vice Commander Philley sent the photograph on this page as an entry in the Monthly's Prize Photograph Competition.



The four winners of Binghamton (New York) Post's Mardi Gras contest and their chaperon start for Bermuda

A Citation for Johnson Creek

BREAK the news to Bolivar that Johnson Creek is in Wisconsin and that no New York town is going to take away from Johnson Creek the honor of having sent to the Paris convention the largest delegation in proportion to population," writes Dr. Winfred M. Johnston, Adjutant of Herbert W. Schlesner Post of Johnson Creek. "Mister Step Keeper," added Dr. Johnston, who had put aside his prescription pad for his typewriter, "please tell the Bolivars that we have them beaten by arithmetic. Johnson Creek has a population of only

K E E P I N G S T E P

493 persons and we sent four members of our post to Paris. That figures out one person to every 123 of our population. By using the same arithmetic you will find that Bolivar, New York, a town of 1,377 which sent eight persons to the convention, sent only one person to 173 of her population. We claim the record for the United States." The Step Keeper, tentatively awarding a temporary certificate to Dr. Johnston and his post, is in doubt as to a suitable prize. Will some of the assistant Step Keepers please come forward with suggestions. Nothing fur-lined, please!

More in Sorrow Than in Anger

THE Step Keeper wants to whang the rumor that he is suffering from a defect in sight which prevents him from seeing anything good in the work done by big posts. Ben Kallis, editor of *Chipilly Chips*, the paper of Chipilly Post in Chicago, relays a whisper from one of the seven hundred members of his outfit to the effect that "every one-horse post gets a write-up and a live, large big-city post, such as ours, is never heard from." More in sorrow than in anger, the Step Keeper readjusts the twin microscopes he wears when reading letters from assistant Step Keepers and takes a look at No. 10 of Volume 5 of *Chipilly Chips*. There, right on the first page, is what he has been looking for—something new and novel, something the rest of the outfit will want to hear about. In the account of the post's September meeting is this paragraph:

"A motion was passed ordering our financial budget to include an item of \$75 for three blood transfusions, or one such treatment at \$25 and one radium treatment costing \$50, for ex-service men in need."

It is explained that ordinarily the Government will pay to a service man offering blood in a transfusion operation the sum of \$25. Where the blood is supplied by a hospital attendant, the recipient must pay the attendant \$25 out of his own resources.

Chipilly Post's action is certainly worth the telling. The size of the post and the size of the city doesn't count one way or the other. It happens, of course, that there are a hundred small posts in small communities for every big post in a big city, so naturally the doings of the small posts buy into this sector conspicuously often. But big or small, every post gets an even break on contributions which are genuinely interesting to everybody.

A Road and a Light

WHITEFACE Mountain, in the Adirondacks, overlooking Lake Placid, is the fourth highest peak in the State of New York. Its splendid isolation has long made it famous as a place from which to view the entire Adirondack Park.

Soon, it is hoped, a road will zig-zag its way six and one-half miles to the top of the mountain, and thousands of persons who have never considered themselves mountain climbers will be able to motor to the peak of glorious views. Eventually a perpetual light will shine out from the summit, visible from all directions for forty or fifty miles.

The road and the light will be memorials to the men and women of New York who served in the World War. They will take form because of ef-

forts completed by Lake Placid Post and the Essex County organization of The American Legion. The success of those efforts was marked when the voters of the State last November approved by a two-to-one majority an amendment to the state constitution which will make the undertaking possible. The New York legislature, which has twice gone on record as favoring the project, is expected to appropriate funds for the work at its present session. The road will begin at the Roosevelt Memorial Highway in Wilmington and will rise to a height of 5,872 feet above sea level on the peak.

National Commander Spafford, shortly after his return from the Paris convention, planted the first tree of a forty-four-mile Avenue of Trees which Lake Placid Post will complete as an approach to the memorial highway. Last autumn Lake Placid Post conducted a series of Marathon races over the proposed route to the top of the mountain.

The Grandson of the Grandstand

AN old grandstand collapsed during a football game in Richmond, Virginia, last October, and several hundred persons were hurt, many of them seriously. The accident called attention to Richmond's need of a community stadium. Over in Greensboro, North Carolina, an American Legion post had shown just how The American Legion can supply this kind of a community need. So the Richmond Legion Luncheon Club, composed of the members of the five Richmond posts, set about to provide its city with a stadium while the memory of the accident was still strong in the minds of all citizens.

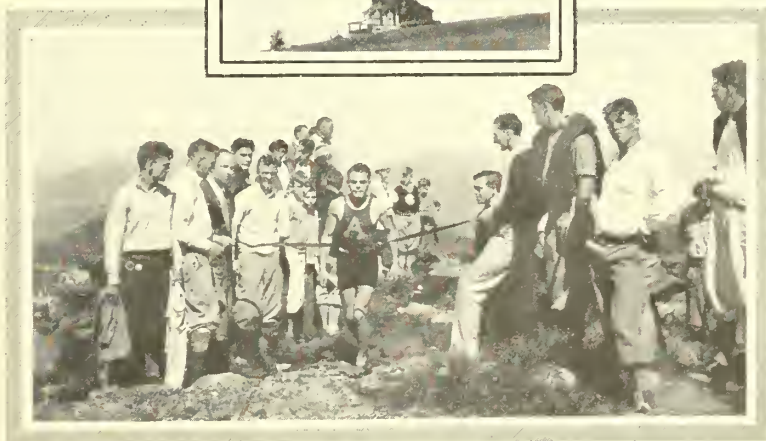
At a meeting of the luncheon club, President John A. Cutchings presented an entirely new plan for erecting a stadium and paying for it out of receipts from games and other events. This plan, which eventually will give a city of 200,000 persons a community athletic center with seats for 15,000 persons, is one which might be worth considering by hundreds of other posts.

"When the plan has been carried out," writes J. A. Nicholas, Jr., Adjutant of the Virginia Department, "it will be the greatest service any organization has ever rendered to the city." Mr. Nicholas will send an outline of the plan to any post wanting it. Just send him a stamped envelope.

The Richmond Legionnaires propose to sell athletic certificates to the amount of \$150,000. These certificates later will be redeemed with money received as receipts from events held in the stadium. After all certificates have been redeemed the stadium will stand fully paid for, with no bonded debt or other debt, and will provide continuous revenue for athletics, education and charity. The stadium will be managed by a board of trustees elected by the certificate holders. The site of the stadium will be determined by majority vote of the certificate

holders after an expert non-partisan committee has submitted recommendations of three or more suitable sites.

The Step Keeper would like to pass on to the rest of the Legion the experiences of Legionnaires who have procured stadiums for other cities. What other plans of financing have been used? Richmond hopes to dedicate its stadium on Armistice Day this year. Posts in other cities still have time to get a stadium-building movement started and completed before next autumn's football season. Any post may modify the Rich-



A Legion-sponsored road will rise six miles to the top of Whiteface Mountain in the Adirondacks. Below, the mountain-top finish of a Marathon race conducted by Lake Placid (New York) Post

KEEPING STREETS

mond plan to conform with the needs of its own community and the practicability of raising a large or small sum of money.

Keeping Rowboats Off Main Street

IN Virginia a post erects a stadium. Elsewhere posts go on year by year meeting the urgent needs of their home towns. The friendly mountains look down upon Bonners Ferry in Idaho and the Kootenai River, descending swiftly and turbulently, rushes peacefully by the town during most of the months of the year. Occasionally, however, peril has brooded among the mountains, the menace of the melting of deeper-than-average snows, and the friendly river has turned enemy to the community. Twice in the last thirty-five years, melting snow in the mountains has sent the river raging out of its banks to flood stores and homes. When the water rose over the town, it stood ten feet deep on the grounds of the court house in Bonners Ferry. Even in years when the river did not overflow, it invariably rose threateningly in its banks while citizens looked on apprehensively. For thirty-five years citizens of the town talked about building a dike to prevent another flood as disastrous as the remembered floods of 1894 and 1916, but the dike had never been started. For one thing, the cost of the dike was a barrier—estimates were from \$20,000 to \$30,000.

Last spring snow piled up deeply in the mountains and all the signs forecast a flood for Bonners Ferry when the summer sun should melt the snow. Citizens demanded that the town council do something, but the council couldn't agree upon a method of raising the \$20,000 or \$30,000 which it was believed the dike would cost. It looked as if everybody would keep on talking until the flood arrived. Then Boundary Post of The American Legion decided that it could build the dike. Building a dike would be better than mobilizing later in boats to save lives and property.

Post Commander Glen G. McBride appointed a committee to work with the town council in procuring the right of way—a strip of land a mile and a half long between the river and the main section of the town. Earlier efforts of officials to acquire the right of way had failed because of refusal of some property owners to make the concessions necessary. The Legion committee succeeded in getting every property owner to sign up. Legionnaire W. B. Scott tells what followed.

"The mayor empowered the post to take full charge of building the dike and promised every official help," writes Mr. Scott. "The post voted unanimously to go through with the job. Engineering advice on construction problems was procured. A committee of five Legionnaires was given active management of the whole effort. A budget committee was also appointed to raise and spend the needed funds.

"The county commissioners loaned the post a steam shovel and two motor trucks. Seven other trucks were borrowed. Earth was excavated with the steam shovel from a hill near the river front. Rock was hauled two miles. For five weeks a steady line of loaded trucks was kept moving from the rock piles and the puffing steam shovel to the site of the dike. At the end of six weeks

the dike stood completed, its top four feet above the river bank. The total cost of the dike was less than \$5,000.

"On June 13th the river reached its high mark of 30.1 feet, the highest it had been since 1916. Only the dike prevented the water from sweeping through the town once more."

They Don't Go Home Till Morning

GILBERT C. Grafton Post of Fargo, North Dakota, has 850 members and at least half of them turn out for every post meeting. One reason they turn out is Past Commander Bill Stern, the Will Rogers of the Legion. The same qualities which have made Bill Stern famous at every national convention have kept his post buzzing like an airplane motor. But there is another reason why the gang turns out in Fargo—Gilbert C. Grafton Post considers itself the best entertained post in the United States. When you add Post Commander Ed Kraus you have the key to Grafton Post's entertainment. Kraus is the Fargo manager for the American Amusement Company, which operates the five leading theaters and motion picture houses of the city. He is also chairman of his post's entertainment committee.

Post meetings in Fargo start much as they do elsewhere. There is a business session followed by a meal served army style. But the outfit doesn't sound taps after the chow has been put away—the evening is just starting. Appears Kraus with a wand. He waves it and the Legionnaires have a show set for them—usually the best features of the best show in town or a combination of all the best features of the best shows. The show is given in the clubrooms usually, but sometimes everybody marches to one of the theaters so the actors may do their stuff with real scenery.

Actors like those get-together shows for the Fargo Legionnaires. They are free and easy affairs with a lot of impromptu stuff—a chance for the stage folks to relax after the tenseness of their regular acts. And everybody gets to know everybody else.

The midnight shows were jeopardized when the post's Auxiliary unit got the idea that it was poker and not dramatics that was keeping the Legionnaires up late. So one evening Chairman Kraus provided a show for the Legion and the Auxiliary jointly. Other shows for the whole family have been given regularly since that first one.

Statistics Ahead! Drive Slowly

LEONARD P. AYRES is a prophet of finance and a soothsayer of industry. As a member of The American Legion's National Finance Committee, he helps prepare the yearly budget of receipts and expenditures and makes sure the outfit's money is spent wisely and according to rules, but he is not known so widely for this as he is for his work outside the Legion. He is Vice President of the Cleveland Trust Company of Cleveland, Ohio, and is one of the country's foremost statisticians. During the World War, Ayres was head of the statistical branch of the War Department, and before going back to his daily work of peacetime (Continued on page 70)



A flood menace of years vanished in Bonners Ferry, Idaho, when Boundary Post Legionnaires worked six weeks to build the mile-and-a-half-long dike shown below



THEN AND NOW

*A Sidelight on the C.-in-C.—Gob Airmen
Steal Army's Thunder—Last Shot Echo Refuses
to Die—Wolverines and Hawkeyes, Attention!—Outfit Notices*

MEMORY sometimes plays strange tricks on a fellow, especially after nine or ten years, but if the Company Clerk's old bean is hitting on all six this morning it seems to recall that back in the days of the old squabble, an unusual incident occurred. Due to the thoughtlessness—we almost said heartlessness—of an editor, and it may have been the editor of the *Stars and Stripes*, a photograph of the spick-and-spanneest and snappiest-dressed soldier of the entire Army, showing him guilty of a cardinal sin, appeared in a publication. Looming up in the picture was an unbuttoned pocket on his blouse. And did the gang jump to the opportunity of handing their Commander-in-Chief a good-natured razz as a result? We'll say they did!

In uniform or out of it, our old boss of the A. E. F. is still just about the neatest-appearing man going. One secret of his always neat appearance is disclosed in a letter from A. L. O'Brien, First Vice Commander of Vincennes (Indiana) Post, who sent also the picture on this page as Exhibit A. O'Brien has this to say:

"I am enclosing an unusual snapshot of our Commander-in-Chief in '18. I thought that it might interest the Gang.

"On July 4th last, the guest of honor and the principal speaker at the laying of the cornerstone of the immense memorial building which is the central feature of the Indiana World War Memorial Plaza in Indianapolis, was General John J. Pershing. A parade preceded the ceremony and cameras were clicking right and left.

"Just as the General was entering the speakers' stand, used also as a reviewing stand for the parade in which he had ridden, our Post Commander R. G. Hennis got busy with his camera. The enclosed print is the result of his photographic effort.

"Here we see our old Chief carefully removing from his blouse the wrinkles which his ride in the parade had caused. He wanted to look his snappiest—as he always does look."

RECENTLY I found a letter," reports Norman P. Legendre of Paul Lentz Post, Allentown, Pennsylvania, to the Company Clerk, "in my mementoes of the war. This letter I had written while I was a member of Section 602, U. S. Army Ambulance Service, billeted at Sivry-la-Perche, a small town southwest of Verdun on the road which ran to Clermont. It is dated December 3, 1918, and it has to do with something that has been on my mind ever since. It reads:

"I am rather upset since the awful accident that happened this morning. I drove to Clermont for provisions. The ambulance was loaded rather heavily when we arrived in Vraincourt where the accident occurred. The 23d Engineers are billeted in this little village and it seems we passed through there just as they were having mess."

"We were coming down a hill round a curve to enter the village when of a sudden one of the boys came into the road immediately in front of our car. There was a truck parked on the roadside which prevented his seeing me and my seeing him. I used my foot brakes and the emergency. But it was

too late. Both the front wheels and rear wheels ran over him."

"I surely would like to learn through Then and Now if any man from the 23d Engineers could let me know who the man was who was run over, and if he is all right."

IT will be remembered that the Company Clerk has complained before in these columns that he has been unjustly accused of favoring certain branches of service and slighting others. All of which accusations have been answered by the fact that representatives of the outfits objecting have failed to come across with any information concerning their service experiences. Among the chief complainers were former gobs, and the Company Clerk was just about to bawl 'em out again, when a couple of them decided to ship over as active members of the Then and Now Gang. So now Past Commander George E. Sprague of Saugus (Massachusetts) Post is introduced to have his say in the important discussion of the "first over":

"From time to time I have read in Then and Now claims that this or that outfit was the first over. I have known that most of the claims were at least greatly exaggerated but I have never taken the trouble to join in the debate. [That seems to be the trouble with too many gobs.—C. C.]

"But in the November number, I find that Lieutenant Colonel C. A. Bach of the Historical Section of the War Department has 'settled the argument for all time' as to which was the first combat outfit to arrive, naming the First Division Headquarters and elements of that division which landed at St. Nazaire on June 20, 1917.

"Now I hate to see a good argument ended, especially one that has possibilities of lasting for years. I'd like to re-open it.

"Colonel Bach says 'The first combat outfit of the A. E. F., etc.' Well, well, do you know that there was an expeditionary force of American combatants organized in the United States and shipped to France before that famous A. E. F. was created?

"The First Aeronautic Detachment, United States Navy, sailed from these shores about May 23, 1917, one section as passengers on the U. S. S. *Jupiter*, from New York, and one section on the U. S. S. *Neptune*, shoving off from Baltimore. The first section of this outfit landed at Bordeaux on June 5, 1917. The second section, of which I was a member, landed at St. Nazaire on June 7, 1917. A few days later we were all in training with the French.

"If we were not an A. E. F. in miniature, why did we carry seven years' supplies, which I helped load

into and out of every box car in France? If we were not a combat unit, some of the Jerries who pumped lead at me later were taking their pay under false pretenses.

"Although I'm in the Army now, as the song goes, my first love was the Navy which not only took them over but beat them there with a combat unit as well—beat them by about three weeks as I reckon it. How about it?

"While setting up claims, here's another:

"The first American killed in France after the Americans came was a member of this same First Aeronautic Detachment,



The camera of Commander R. G. Hennis of Vincennes (Indiana) Post caught a prominent Legionnaire in an unconventional pose. Need we introduce the subject of the above picture taken in Indianapolis last July fourth?

U. S. N., Tommy Barrett, a student pilot, and I think he came from Cleveland. He was killed at the French Army air station at Tours, either June 26 or June 28, 1917, when his plane crashed.

"While I'm at it, my service record was unique. Who can match it? I served successively with the French Naval Air Service, the French Army Air Service, the U. S. Army Air Service, the Royal Air Forces and the U. S. Marine Air Force, though a member of the U. S. Naval Air Service all the time.

"In looking through my archives, I came across a newspaper clipping from the *Boston Globe* of June 8, 1917. I guess old Josephus settled the argument by making this announcement:

"100 U. S. AVIATORS IN FRANCE READY FOR ANY DUTY"

"First U. S. Fighting Forces in France"

"Washington, June 8.—One hundred American aviators from the Navy flying corps have arrived safely in France for any duty that may present itself, according to a statement issued today by Secretary Daniels.

"They are the first of the American fighting forces to reach France."

And the Company Clerk claims, without much possibility of argument, that now that the former Navy men have awakened, they have done it with a bang. The statements of Comrade Sprague do not affect in any way the claims of Base Hospital No. 4 of being the very first over—sailing as it did from New York on May 8, 1917, and arriving at Rouen, France, after a period in England, on May 25, 1917. But his statements do very positively take away the honor of being the first combat unit overseas from the First Division and from the Army. Unless, of course, as Sprague suggests, some other Army outfit can submit definite data that it put foot on the soil of France prior to June 5, 1917.

Sprague's further claim that a Navy man was the first American killed while on overseas service was substantiated by referring to a volume in our reference library entitled "Officers and Enlisted Men of the United States Navy Who Lost Their Lives During the World War," in which we found the following paragraph:

"Thomas Winch Barrett, landman for quartermaster, United States Navy. Enlisted: Cleveland, Ohio, April 5, 1917. Died: Tours, France, June 28, 1917. Cause: Result of injuries received in airplane accident. Next of kin: Father, D. S. Barrett, Mentor, Ohio."

TECHNICALLY speaking, the actual fighting in the World War ended, of course, when the referee blew the whistle at eleven o'clock in the morning of November 11, 1918. But, as a matter of fact, all fighting in which American troops were involved did not come to an end at that time. While the Big Show ended officially on the date mentioned, there were a number of side shows, off-spring of the main event, which continued on their way, with resulting discomforts and casualties. Prominent in these comparatively minor operations were those of the A. E. F. in Siberia and the North Russia Expedition of which American troops were a part.

All of which is introductory to the fact that the discussion relative to the last shot fired during the World War continues merrily on its way. Eventually, by a process of elimination of the claims advanced, this much-mooted question may be definitely settled. And necessarily the claims of our comrades who did battle in Siberia and Russia must be considered.

Let the Company Clerk submit the latest evidence sent in

by members of the Then and Now Gang in this discussion:

"Just reading over the last number of your fine Monthly," writes John E. Wilson, Executive of the SeKan Area Council of the Boy Scouts of America, residing in Chanute, Kansas. "and note in Then and Now a communication from a member of the 339th Infantry in which he lays claim to the honor of 'firing the last shot in the war.' I had not thought of this before but since he has called our attention to the matter, I feel that I am called upon to ask you to listen to another 'last shot.'

"Far be it from me to pluck one leaf from the laurels of that ill-fated 339th Infantry which made such a fine stand at Archangel, but in the interests of historical accuracy I feel they will have to relinquish their claim, if, as the writer in the December Monthly affirms, that shot was fired in April, 1919.

"Comrade Albert E. May seems to have forgotten or never known of the North Russia Transportation Corps Expedition which came up to help get the boys out of Archangel. We operated on the Murmansk front and were in actual combat with the Bolsheviki long after the 339th Infantry had sailed for home. As my records have it, they sailed from Archangel on June 10, 1919.

"We had an armored train rigged up which we sent to the front on June 18, 1919. It fired the first shot on June 27th when it poured a barrage of over two hundred rounds into the enemy trenches. In the capture of Kyapeselga on the west shore of Lake Onega the latter part of June, this armored train

lent its assistance not only from the tracks but in sending machine gun crews into the line. The train carried two Vickers three pounders and twenty-two Vickers machine guns under the command of Lieutenant C. B. Tuttle.

"I happened to be the Historical Officer with this unit and have on file all data as well as the official report published and on file in the War Department."



Famous rather than prominent would best describe this street in far-off Vladivostok, Siberia. Several former Wolfhounds of the A. E. F. in Siberia suggested that the words "Kopeck Hill" would recall memories to men of the expedition. H. A. Whittaker of Duluth, Minnesota, furnished the print

SO much for the North Russia Expedition. Legionnaire May's letter brought responses also from some of the former "Wolfhounds," men who served with the A. E. F. in Siberia.

Ex-Sergeant William A. Turner, now of Media, Pennsylvania, refers to May's statement and then adds:

"I think I can go Albert E. May one better. Company M, 31st Infantry, A. E. F. in Siberia, of which I was a member, comes closer to claiming the distinction of firing the last shot, as it was engaged with the Bolsheviki at Puyatina, Siberia, on July 9, 1919.

"Company M left Vladivostok on April 1, 1920—one of the last companies to leave. If any of the old gang see this, I would like to hear from them."

Another former soldier of the 31st Infantry, but of Company A, H. A. Whittaker, member of David Wisted Post of the Legion of Duluth, Minnesota, reports the last shot as being fired almost a year later than the dates heretofore reported. He says:

"With all due credit to the 339th Infantry, I would say that Comrade May is mistaken. Just when and where the last shot was fired by American troops will probably never be known, but on June 25, 1919, at Romanoffka, Siberia, Company A, 31st Infantry, lost the following men killed in action: Sergeant Henry P. Casey, Corporals Thomas B. Mason and Herbert Toll, Privates 1st Brooks Lee, George Love, James R. Love, Cecil T. Parsons, William Roberts, Albert Simpson and Louis A. Schlichter and Privates Dart H. Balsh, Wesley Cole, Wesley David, Dave Ivie, John Janzen, Guss Johnson, Harry Lambert, Nestor Lopez, Walter (Continued on page 69)

The New **HUDSON-ESSEX** **SUPER-SIXES**

*With Beauty to Match
Their Super-Six Performance*

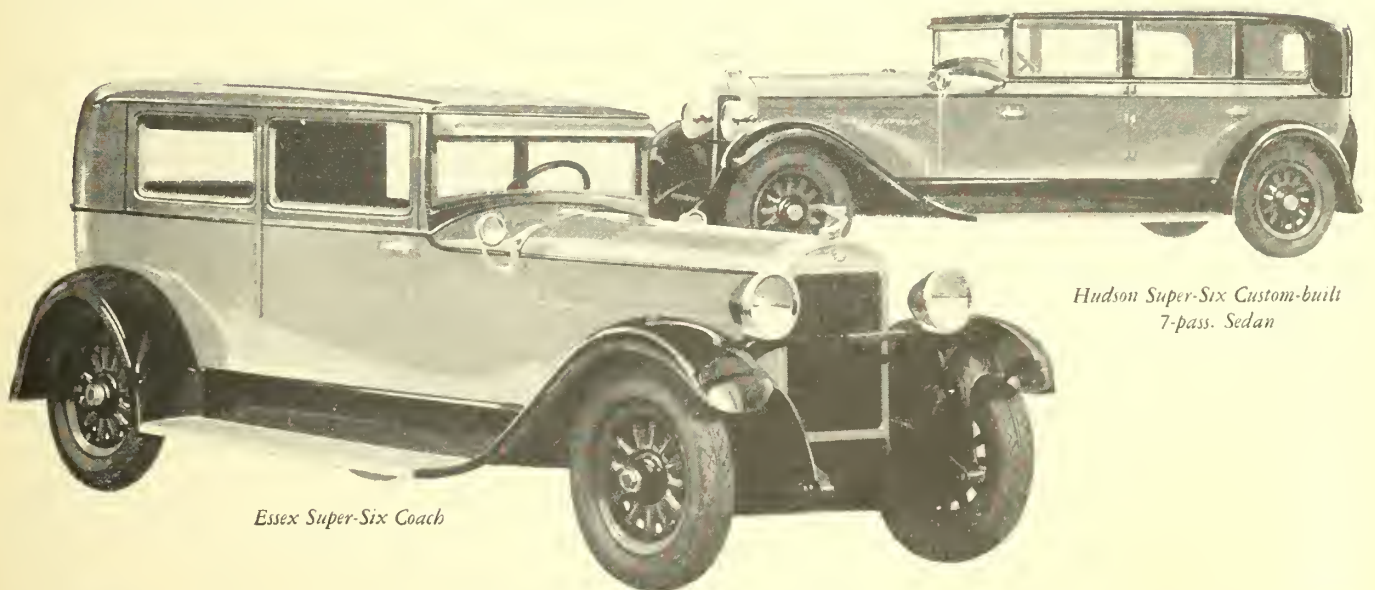
To the hundreds of thousands whose tribute has been to Super Six performance, must now be added hundreds of thousands who prize beauty equally with performance, quality and value.

We can say these are the greatest cars ever produced under Hudson-Essex auspices, in no wise so forcefully as to say that their detail, finish and beauty match their Super-Six performance.

In the enthusiastic thousands who are buying them you will find the truly discriminating—those to whom beauty is a necessity—performance a critical demand—and value a clear understanding.

M A N Y N E W M O D E L S

All reflect Tomorrow's Vogue



Essex Super-Six Coach

*Hudson Super-Six Custom-built
7-pass. Sedan*

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN



This poster will be displayed in sixteen thousand towns and cities in February. It was designed by Chester C. Bratten and won second prize in a nation-wide poster campaign begun by the Chicago Voiture of the Forty and Eight

TELLING *the* WORLD

By Grover F. Sexton

ONE hundred million Americans learned more about The American Legion last September than they had ever learned in the nine years of the Legion's existence. They saw The American Legion emblazoned on the consciousness of the whole world while The American Legion's national convention was enthralling Paris. Paris was a shining screen on which the United States saw reflected the vastness of the Legion, its ideals and the promise of its future. With the clearness which only the perspective of three thousand miles could give, the folks back home realized that the Legion had grown up so quietly in their midst and had been taken so much for granted that they had never formed a true and rounded estimate of what it is, what it is doing and what it wants to do.

There has been little of the evangelistic appeal in the Legion's growth. Although it started as a movement, there has been a tendency perhaps to let it become simply an organization. This despite the fact that far-seeing men have pointed out that The American Legion is bound to become with each passing year a stronger national force—that its career will expand in parallel with the careers of its individual members, as they pass from youth to maturity and assume the front ranks of leadership in business, in farming, in the professions, in civic affairs.

Perhaps The American Legion has lived too closely within its own shell. Perhaps it has never sounded as vigorously as it should the appeal to all the citizens of its country to join with it for the great tasks of citizenship and national progress. Certainly the Legion has never been selfish, but it has not conveyed quite clearly enough just how earnestly it wants the country to join with it in its purposes.

In this year of 1928 The American Legion is going before the country as it has never gone before. In sixteen thousand towns and cities of the United States The American Legion will present to the American people a message they will both see and understand. In those sixteen thousand towns and cities huge many-colored posters, displayed where millions and millions of citizens may see them, will call attention to The American Legion as a dignified, sincere, unselfish organization seeking to serve the nation.

"In peace, as in war—we serve," will be the message those posters will proclaim. And above the words will stand an inspired artist's conception of the spirit of The American

Legion—the spirit of youth feeling its strength—rising magnificently above the farms, the fac-

ories, the schools and the life of our cities.

If a count could be kept of the persons passing the posters interpreting the Legion's ideals and its purpose for existence, it would undoubtedly reach a total of 175,000,000 daily.

This nation-wide educational campaign is largely the result of the visit by National Commander Edward E. Spafford to the annual convention of the Outdoor Advertising Association of America, Inc., in Atlantic City last October. Acting as spokesman of the Relations Extension Committee of The American Legion, National Commander Spafford presented the cause of the Legion, what it has done and what it proposes to do, with such conviction and such effect that the advertising men attending the convention voted to conduct, in co-operation with American Legion posts, a poster advertising display throughout the whole United States.

The poster to be shown is one of the three selected by an eminent jury as winners of the Legion's nation-wide poster contest among artists, many of whom are World War veterans, a contest which ended as the delegates sailed for the Paris convention. Almost one thousand artists entered the contest and designs were submitted from thirty-eight States and Canada.

The poster contest and the national poster display that has grown out of it both owe their existence to an idea that came to a Legionnaire and Voyageur of the Forty and Eight. Burton Harrington of Chicago is that man. The idea came to him during a meeting of Voiture 220 of the Forty and Eight in Chicago. At that meeting Voyageur Harrington remarked that if Voiture 220 wished to perform a notable service for The American Legion it could do nothing better than help it obtain a new poster which would convey to the people of the United States an understanding of its purposes and objects. The voiture took to the idea. A poster competition committee was appointed, with Mr. Harrington as chairman.

Mr. Harrington and his committee selected the members of a jury of award, a notable group of artists and men prominent in public life and the affairs of the Legion. The help of the National Poster Art Alliance was enlisted with the result that it agreed to conduct the competition.

The jury of award was composed of General John J. Pershing, chairman; Admiral William A. Moffett; Hanford MacNider, Assistant Secretary of War; National (Continued on page 46)

Now **ANOTHER PAY-RAISE** for **FYR-FYTER MEN** **Incomes Boosted 300 %** **by Amazing Discovery**



RAY C. HAHN—Sales Manager
Known in circles of big-business as the man who developed one of the world's highest paid selling organizations by his original, and daring methods.

Fyr-Fyter men get *another* Boost! Hundreds have raised their already spectacular incomes from 200 to 400 per cent! Again Fyr-Fyter Engineers have scored a victory against fire that has doubled and tripled the incomes of the factory representatives.

A NEW LIQUID

The most amazing and vital chemical achievements of the decade. Fyr-Fyter Engineers have discovered an entirely NEW fire fighting liquid that puts out fire three times quicker than any other known method! A self-discharging, "loaded stream," that carries forty feet and operates at 40 degrees below zero.

This amazing new liquid is known as "Karbalyo." It is guarded by strictest domestic and foreign patents. Only Fyr-Fyter men can offer this wonderful protection to the public. Think of it—a liquid that actually absorbs fire, as a sponge absorbs water!

At the Underwriters Laboratories under test, a gallon and three-quarters of this new liquid put out a flaming, oil drenched, 100 square foot panel three times as quickly as *two* and one-half gallons of any other known extinguisher! In this epoch-making discovery Fyr-Fyter again commands nationwide recognition as the leader in the field. No wonder, with such recognition, that our present organization is too small to handle the tremendous volume of business.

Unusual Opportunity Open for 100 Men **\$350 to \$600** per month

Two factors make it absolutely necessary that we add, *at once*, 100 reliable men to take over open territory. First: the entire nation has awakened to the tremendous need for Fire Protection; second: with the late Fyr-Fyter developments has come a demand too great for our present organization, large as it is, to handle. Never was the time more opportune for reliable men to enter the big paying and fascinating field of Fire Prevention. State laws, city ordinances and Insurance regulations demand Underwriter approved extinguishers in hotels, factories, hospitals, schools, warehouses, etc.—practically forcing many huge orders.

Reliability-Not Experience

Experience, though helpful, is not necessary. We are looking for intelligent, reliable men. The men selected will be trained by us to be Fire Prevention Experts. Our Engineers will train you in appraising fire hazards and recommending proper equipment for full protection. Ray C. Hahn, our Sales Manager whose daring methods have developed one of the world's highest paid sales forces will train you in approach, demonstration and close.

Permanent, Steady Income

We want permanent, factory representatives. Every kind of co-operation will be given. All leads coming from our national advertising are given to men in the territory. We advertise our men, set them up in a prosperous business of their own, furnish literature and demonstration material. And here is a tremendous advantage—our liberal terms allow you to do a large credit business—we take the chances—no credit losses to you.

A Few of the Large Firms Protected by Fyr-Fyter Men

We show you how to service big industries like these where a single call often brings you from \$200 to \$600.

Diamond Match Co.
Eastman Kodak Co.
Postum Cereal Co.
Ford Motor Co.
General Motors Corp.
Goodyear Rubber Co.
Northwestern University



Thousands tell of Fortunes made in the Field of **FIRE PREVENTION**

Above are pictures of only a few of Fyr-Fyter's \$7,500 to \$12,000 a year men. Let them tell in the FREE BOOK how they found fortunes in the field of Fire Prevention.

\$10,000 a Year

L. D. Payne, Iowa, made over \$1,500 his first 200 days. Louis George, Illinois, earns more than \$10,000 every year as a Fyr-Fyter Representative. G.H. Louisiana, averages over \$600 every month—hundreds of others tell their romantic story of Big Money in this business where their work means the saving of human lives and millions in property.

Part Time

We prefer men who can devote full time to this work, but, reliable men who can start in part time will be given full consideration, depending on territorial conditions.

A \$4,000,000 Business

See the partial list of Fyr-Fyter's big users. The U. S. Government alone has purchased over a half a million Fyr-Fyters—the Navy, Army and air forces are Fyr-Fyter protected. In joining the Fyr-Fyter ranks you are coming into a four million dollar business with all the advantages that only a big company can give its representatives. The present expansion program gives the opportunity for good men to get in Big Business to break away from the small job and into a permanent position with one of the world's leading manufacturers.

WRITE AT ONCE!

Write today, using coupon, for application and FREE BOOK with complete Fyr-Fyter representative plans. Immediate action is necessary—we have plans of giving territory protection. Our open territories are going fast. Send coupon today.



Ray C. Hahn
Sales Manager
FYR-FYTER CO.
9-B Fyr-Fyter Bldg.,
Dayton, Ohio.

Send full details of Representative's Plan and Territorial Application.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

The **FYR-FYTER CO.**

9-B Fyr-Fyter Building

Dayton, Ohio

Telling the World

(Continued from page 44)

Commander Howard P. Savage; Charles A. Mills, Chef de Chemin de Fer of the Forty and Eight; Adalin W. Macauley, National President of The American Legion Auxiliary; Kerwin H. Fulton, Chairman of the Board of the General Outdoor Advertising Company; Lorado Taft, Norman Rockwell, Alon Bement, Charles Dana Gibson, eminent sculptors and artists; William MacLean, Art Editor of The American Legion Monthly; Willy G. Sesser and George Ihnen, art directors for advertising companies. The jury was asked to select three posters to be awarded the prizes of \$1,500 offered by Voiture 220—the first prize to be \$1,000—and to designate ten other posters for honorable mention.

The jury awarded the first prize of \$1,000 to J. M. Mitchell, a young free-lance artist of New York City, whose composition was striking in its simplicity and powerful color effect. It awarded second prize to Chester C. Bratten of Chicago, who submitted a design that symbolized the Legion's all-inclusive character, its living force on the farms, in the cities, in education, in industries. William Heaslip of New York was awarded the third prize for a striking poster depicting the helping hand of the Legion.

The ten posters which were given honorable mention were submitted by: R. Fayerweather Babcock, Chicago; Carl H. Georgi, New York City; Harry R. Howchin, Toronto; Fred C. Good, Chicago; J. S. Hallam, Toronto; Rafael M. Desoto, New York City; Carl A. Paulson, Chicago; Batiste Madalena, Rochester, New York; Reg. Willis, Berkeley, California, and R. C. Webb, Seattle, Washington.

The plan for distributing the Legion poster in 1928 is being prepared by the Relations Extension Committee of The American Legion, of which Burton Harrington is Chairman. National Adjutant James F. Barton and the representatives of the Outdoor Advertising Association of America. The members of the Relations Extension Committee include Asa W. Candler of Atlanta, Georgia, Counsel for the Coca-Cola Company; General James G. Harbord, President of the Radio Corporation of America; Walton Hood, Vice President of the Texas State Bank and Trust Company, San Antonio, Texas; Rufus Rand, Vice President of the Minneapolis Gas Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota; and Perry Thomas, the Victor Girard Company, Los Angeles, California.

The poster to be displayed in February is the one which was awarded second prize. It is expected that later use will be made of other posters, including those given honorable mention. The National Headquarters will communicate to departments and posts all necessary information regarding local participation in the poster display.

The kind of co-operation which will make the display of the Legion's poster the most successful national undertaking of its kind ever attempted was evidenced during the Atlantic City convention of the Outdoor Advertising Association of America. The regular business proceedings of the convention were suspended while all the delegates attended a special session in honor of The American Legion.

At this special session National Commander Spafford presented to President Harry F. O'Mealia of the Outdoor Adver-

tising Association of America a flag in recognition of the Association's splendid service during the World War, and a document explaining the ideals and aims of The American Legion and expressing the desire that the Association co-operate in exhibiting those ideals and aims to the American people. E. Allen Frost, Counselor of the Association, responding, said: "The Legion is a guaranty of our future security and prosperity as a nation."

Kerwin H. Fulton, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Outdoor Advertising Association of America, in a statement issued after the meeting, said: "The American Legion is destined to play an important part in the economic and social development of the country during the coming years, and it is a pleasure to be of assistance in the selection of a poster which typifies the purposes of the Legion."

The color bearers of Atlantic County Post of The American Legion at the beginning of the ceremony entered the convention

hall and were stationed on each side of the platform. Taps were sounded in honor of the departed and then the new American Legion poster was unveiled. James E. White, Vice Commander of the Department of Illinois, recited the Ode to the Flag. Frank A. Mathews, Jr., Past Department Commander of the New Jersey Department, in an address said:

"When the curtain falls upon the Twentieth Century the achievements of The American Legion during the two years of the World War will unquestionably be deeply engraved, and rightly so, upon the pages of American history. But somewhere there will be another record even more important than this, in which not so much credit will be given to the number of the enemy it helped to injure as to the number of our own comrades it assisted in rehabilitating; where not

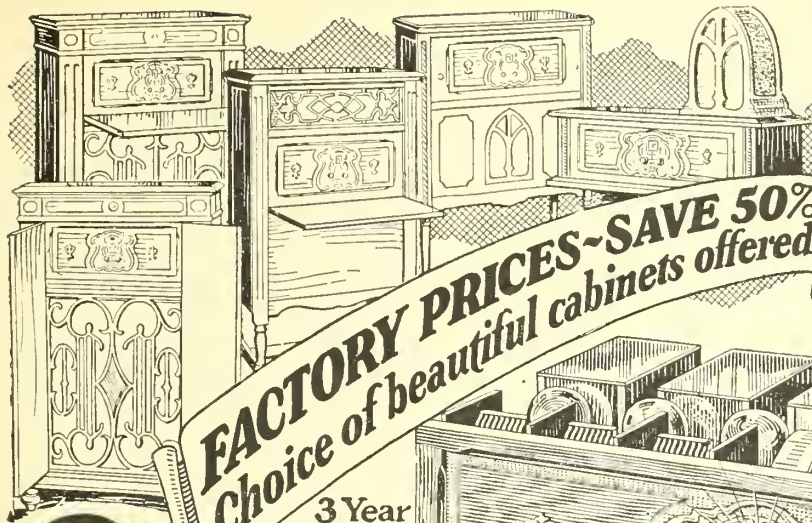
so much account will be taken of the number of German widows and orphans which it made as to the number of American widows and orphans which it saved; where not so much consideration will be given to the cities which it destroyed by artillery as to the communities which it built by character; where not so much thought will be given to the empire which it helped to destroy abroad as to the republic which it helped to build at home; where its standing will be determined not so much from the number of officers of high rank who came into its membership as by the number of great statesmen and good citizens which emanated from the body of its members; and where its glory will shine not so much from the light of its brilliant part in ending the last World War as from the radiance of the magnificent part it may play, consistent with our national honor, in preventing the next one."

The Atlantic City ceremony recalled the fact that Voiture 220 of Chicago had been awarded the Charles A. Mills Trophy for performing the most notable service rendered to The American Legion in 1927 by a voiture of the Forty and Eight. The award was announced at the Forty and Eight's national promenade in Paris.

At the conference of Department Commanders and Adjutants, held at National Headquarters in December, plans were outlined for co-operation of all posts in the poster campaign.



J. M. Mitchell (in the light suit) with the 1927 leaders of the Legion, the Auxiliary and the Forty and Eight who congratulated him on his poster which won first prize



FACTORY PRICES~SAVE 50%
Choice of beautiful cabinets offered

3 Year
Guarantee

8 tube one dial MIRACO

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

**TRY IT 30
DAYS FREE**
BEFORE YOU BUY

**ALL
METAL
SHIELDED
CHASSIS**

Only
\$69⁷⁵
Retail List
Completely
Assembled

MAGNIFICENT TONE~SUPER SELECTIVE~POWERFUL DISTANCE GETTER

All Electric or Battery Set!

**Big Discounts to
User-Agents**

MIRACO Users Say:

Reports from users everywhere leave little for us to add. These are only a few of the many in our files and which we receive daily. Send coupon for plenty of additional proof and testimony of nearby users.

TRIED MANY SETS—MIRACO BEST
Miraco is best set I've ever heard. It's just the set I've always wanted and I've had so many sets I got just a little hard-boiled about believing there were any sets perfect. I sure got my wish. I've had just 104 stations. There's about a station to each number on dial. I get KFI (Cal.) every night. Had PVX last night and got 6 KW tonight good and loud—FRANCIS ARM-BRUSTER, Cleveland, Ohio.

HE KNOWS SETS—READ THIS
I have built radios since they first made their appearance and it has been my pleasure to build, repair and sell them. For quality, selectivity and sensitivity it is my firm belief that the Miraco cannot be excelled. I have proven beyond any shadow of doubt that it will outperform any other radios. I bring in the farthest distance with little or no effort. The Miraco also gives me tone quality.—URBAIN BARIL, Jr., Fall River, Mass.

MIRACO EXCELS EXPENSIVE RADIOS
The Miraco set and loud speaker beat anything around here, regardless of price. Have tried them out against a \$200 outfit. Have logged 140 stations, coast to coast.—E. J. CARRIERE, Bathgate, N. D.

HEARS CUBA, CANADA, MEXICO
A friend visited here that has close to \$300 in a radio—but no better tone and no plainer than the Miraco. Have gotten 118 stations.

CUTS THRU NEW YORK LOCALS
I can get distance thru the locals when they are all on early in the evening.—J. F. LOGAN, Rockaway Beach, New York.

America's big, old, reliable Radio Corporation (8th successful year) **guarantees** in its big, powerful, latest 6, 7 and 8 tube Miraco sets "the finest, most enjoyable performance obtainable in **high grade** radios." Unless 30 days' use in your home fully satisfies you a Miraco is unbeatable at any price for beautiful, clear cathedral tone, razor-edge selectivity, powerful distance reception, easy operation, etc.—**don't buy it! Your verdict final.** Save or make lots of money on sets and equipment—write for testimony of nearby users and **Amazing Special Factory Offer.**

Miraco's work equally fine on "AC" electric house current or with batteries. Take your choice. Many thousands of Miraco users—who bought after thorough comparisons—enjoy programs Coast

to Coast, Canada to Mexico, loud and clear—with the magnificent cathedral tone quality of costliest sets. Don't confuse Miraco's with cheap, "squawky" radios. Miraco's have finest parts, latest approved shielding, metal chassis, etc.—as used in many \$200 sets.

Deal Direct with Big Factory

Your Miraco reaches you completely assembled, rigidly tested, fully guaranteed. Easy to connect and operate. **30 days' trial free.** 3 year guarantee if you buy. You take no risk, you insure satisfaction, you enjoy **rock-bottom money-saving prices** by dealing direct with one of radio's oldest, most successful builders of fine sets. 8th successful year in the radio manufacturing business.

USER-AGENTS! Make big profits showing Miraco to friends. Get Our Special Wholesale Price! **MIDWEST RADIO CORPORATION, Cincinnati, O.**

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED CATALOG AND AMAZING SPECIAL OFFER

SEND NO MONEY—30 DAYS' TRIAL, Special

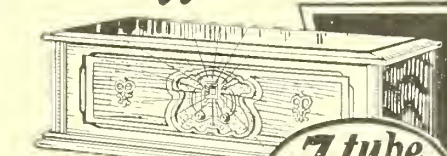
Wholesale Price Offer to User-Agents, Bank References, testimony of nearby Miraco users—all the proof you want—sent with catalog.

mail coupon right now!

Dealers Write!



**6 tube
Super
\$36⁷⁵
RETAIL LIST**



MIRACO "Powerplus" sets—both in 8 and 7 tube models—have magnificently beautiful, clear cathedral tone quality. Turn one dial for stations everywhere. Ultra-selective. Miraco multi-stage distance amplification gives "power-plus" on far-off stations. Latest all-metal shielded chassis. Illuminated dial. Fully guaranteed. *Try one free for 30 days!* Choice of beautiful cabinets.

**7 tube
one dial
METAL SHIELDED
CHASSIS
\$49⁷⁵
RETAIL LIST**

Electrify Any Radio
with
**MIDWEST NO-BATTERY
"A C" Light Socket
Power Units**



**BIG
DISCOUNT
TO
User-Agent**

"A", "B" and "C" power, direct from light socket, without batteries! Write for Midwest prices and discounts. Midwest Units are highest grade—lastingly dependable, quiet in operation, fully guaranteed.

MIDWEST RADIO CORPORATION
Pioneer Builders of Sets
464-K Miraco Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**THIS COUPON
IS NOT
AN ORDER**

Without obligation, send free catalog, **AMAZING SPECIAL OFFER**, testimony of nearby Miraco users. ☐ User ☐ Agent ☐ Dealer

NAME

ADDRESS

Another Big Bargain! Famous powerful big Miraco Super 6, 1928 model—ultra selective! Thousands find it outperforms sets of much higher price. **30 Days' Trial Free. Fully Guaranteed.**

**"THE BEST PIPE
SMOKE EVER MADE!"**



Old Briar TOBACCO

**Now — Enjoy the
Genuine Pleasure of
Pipe Smoking**

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A. L. 2-28

High Water

(Continued from page 32)

them must be put up again. Railroads in Vermont have had to abandon for this winter all idea of service to certain communities, and it is quite possible that not until July first will Vermont get back to normal. The Green Mountain State has a long, hard pull, but it has gone doggedly at the business of working out its own salvation. Fortunately a couple of weeks of warm weather succeeded that trying week-end and although there was more high water in December there was no such crisis as that of a month earlier.

AIRPLANES from Boston, Mitchell Field on Long Island, and Albany appearing above the badly flooded Winooski in the first few days of the catastrophe found it extremely hard to find a landing field. The airplanes carried medicine and yeast and other needed supplies and were the one possible link to the outside world between Montpelier, Barre, Waterbury and other devastated towns of the valley. Realizing this, Barre Post appointed a committee to work under the chairmanship of Alex Straiton, and in a single day volunteers cut down trees, spread one hundred and fifty truck loads of crushed stone from the nearby quarries, and had a landing field in readiness at nightfall. Barre itself had suffered great damage in the flood and seven people there had lost their lives, including Lieutenant Governor S. Hollister Jackson, a brother of H. Nelson Jackson, of Burlington, who is founder of the Legion in Vermont, Past National Vice Commander and a leader in many national activities of the organization.

Marcell Conway of Barre, Department Child Welfare chairman, headed a party which made two trips through the flooded area and saw that all ex-service men's children received proper care. On the first trip it was necessary to build two good-sized bridges and repair numerous stretches of road.

Montpelier, the capital, found itself pretty well submerged on Thursday evening as the Winooski got under way. Almost every business structure in the city with the exception of the State capitol was flooded, the water rising fourteen feet above the level of the principal street. Due to the quick mobilization of Legion and other aid there was but one death from the flood, but several people had to be rescued through roofs that had been hacked away. Legionnaire Arthur Ellis in his motor boat found opportunity to rescue several. Others under the leadership of Joseph Jay, who had just taken the command-ership of the post, worked like beavers. For several days after the flood waters had gone down the Legionnaires assisted in clearing out debris, pumping water out of cellars and in bringing the city back to a "business as usual" state. When the Legislature convened in special session on November 30th Mont-

pelier had outwardly at least almost wholly recovered. The Legislature took measures to provide for rehabilitation of the various communities hit by the disaster, carrying out to the last item the recommendations made to it by Governor John E. Weeks.

In the little town of Bolton, six miles below Waterbury on the Winooski, twenty-one people in one house were carried to their death. Most of them were members of a road construction gang of the state highway department. Three other people in Bolton perished in the raging waters and the town was as completely isolated for a time as was Waterbury, from which finally it got food through the medium of a rough raft made from undertakers' boxes.

At Northfield, where Sorrell-Maynard Post distinguished itself in numerous ways, Legionnaire Clifford E. Gregory directed the laying out of an aviation field at the fair grounds. The hard rains had transformed the few long-established landing fields in the central part of the State into marshy wastes, and in trying to land at one of these in Montpelier Reuben B. Sleight, an assistant of Secretary Hoover in the Department of Commerce, lost his life.

Two converging torrents that had been the Dog River and Union Brook isolated a portion of Northfield on the first of those terrible nights of the flood. Thursday, November 3d, Legionnaires used two frail canoes to get members of some ninety families to safety. John J. Finnessey, high school principal and past post adjutant, Legionnaires Gelsie Monti, William M. Jackson and H. C. Hamilton, the latter one of the professors of Norwich University, were in charge of this phase of the post's efforts. Other Legionnaires took charge of the homeless at the Legion's headquarters and saw that they had food and were comfortably quartered during the next several days. Major Charles N. Barber, past commander of the Department of Vermont, was made administrator of food, fuel and gasoline supply at Northfield because of the shortage of these necessary commodities.

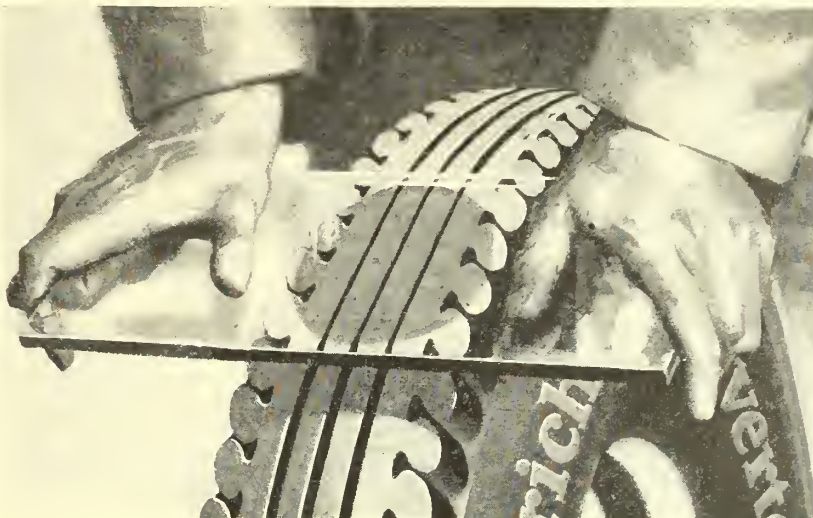
The Norwich University cadets gave valuable assistance in the work of relief and rehabilitation. If I may be permitted to digress a moment, the really excellent work that the young student soldiers accomplished was paralleled by high school and college students throughout the stricken region. Dartmouth College sent a thousand students over to White River Junction and they worked in and about that important railroad center under the direction of Major James Brown, commander of Hartford Post and member of the National Rehabilitation Committee. The University of Vermont, Middlebury College, Williams College in Massachusetts and other institutions sent out labor battalions that gave a good account of themselves in the pick-and-shovel work that un-

seasonably warm weather in the two weeks following the flood made possible.

Commander E. R. Britain of the post at Northfield gave his entire time for three weeks after the flood to directing relief work, pitching in himself at times. The entire post co-operated, but perhaps the most picturesque job was done by four members, Harold W. Elliott, Robert G. Sanborn, Arlington S. Kerr and Frank S. Marino, who assisted Captain Charles E. Dissenger, U. S. A., in bringing relief by pack horses to Moretown, a little village nine miles away in the Mad River valley which was completely cut off from outside communication.

The largest city to suffer severe flood damage was North Adams, Massachusetts, western end of the famous Mohawk Trail. The swirling waters of the Hoosac River's north branch destroyed property worth two million dollars and made hundreds of people homeless. Commander Richard F. Brown of Frank R. Stiles Post sent out a call for Legionnaires to assemble as soon as it was seen that the river was becoming unmanageable, and during the feverish night that followed twenty-five Legionnaires, working as volunteers under Fire Chief John Saulnier, himself a Legion member, did noteworthy work getting people out of their flood-swept homes. Other Legionnaires did effective work in outlying districts, and it was through their untiring work that the police and fire departments were able to carry the city through the crisis without loss of life. The city was forced to get along without gas and running water for several days.

Some twenty miles south of North Adams is the city of Pittsfield, county seat of Berkshire County. Fortunately there was no flood crisis there, but when the little town of Becket, twenty miles southeast, sent out a call for help Commander Fred N. Cummings mobilized Pittsfield Post. An hour after Miss Caroline E. Cooper, Executive Secretary of the county Red Cross, had appealed to Commander Cummings to get hold of cots for the homeless Becket folk the cots were on the way. A fifty-foot wall of water rushing down the valley after a swollen reservoir burst an ancient dam, had ripped a vast canyon through the very heart of the town, wrecking the village's industries, post office, stores and nearly a score of dwellings. Fortunately only one person was drowned in the flood. The cots Pittsfield Post supplied filled a vital need. Later, an appeal was sent out of Becket for seventy-five volunteers to fill in a gorge forty feet wide and fifteen deep so that one of the houses which was inhabitable but inaccessible might be returned to duty. Seventy-five Legionnaires worked all one Sunday on the job and when they stopped work the ravine had been filled in and the approach to the house was safe. Both Miss Cooper of the Red Cross and the people who lived in the house commended the post for this work, and others praised the Legionnaires as well as the post's official Boy Scout troop, which in connection with the Dalton Scout troop set (Continued on page 50)



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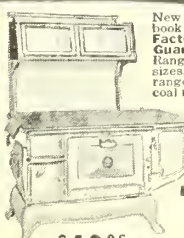
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High Water

(Continued from page 49)

up a field kitchen in Becket and for several days fed the inhabitants of the stricken village. Dalton Legionnaires also contributed labor to the rehabilitation of Becket, and furnished money and supplies.

THE White River, which meanders down the eastern slope of the Green Mountains and joins the Connecticut River at Hartford, Vermont, brought grief to several small communities and opportunity for service to Legionnaires. Randolph, in almost the exact geographical center of the State, became isolated early in the flood. Luckily there was no loss of life, but when the waters subsided there were bridges to build, houses to shore up, railroad right-of-way to be constructed, homeless people to be cared for. The Legionnaires took a leading part in this work, and the Randolph Auxiliaries were active also.

At Bethel, a village of about a thousand people, a few miles south of Randolph, the flood struck almost without warning. Three Legionnaires—Dr. G. I. Abbott, Dewey White and Frank Hart—carried several aged people from their homes on River Street through raging waters that came waist high, to higher ground and safety. Officers of the post did similarly effective work in another section of the village, and in the days following the flood the members did effective work in the rebuilding of bridges and roads. Three truckloads of food and clothing sent by the post at Bradford helped the flood sufferers forget their woes. The loss of two bridges which went out early in the flood presented a problem, which was met in part by a suspension foot bridge put up in thirty-six hours.

Farther down the river, at Sharon and West Hartford, the swelling tide had raised havoc with roads and bridges, houses and meadow land. Commander Brown of Hartford Post at White River Junction got up to West Hartford over the hills before the water went down. At this time it was possible to get into the towns only by boat. But two days later Commander Brown got a trainload of Dartmouth students up to West Hartford and Sharon and they continued to work there for several days. Arthur G. Geyer Post of Lebanon, New Hampshire, was especially active in providing relief for these towns and for the less seriously stricken town of West Lebanon in its own State. White River Junction had its own troubles with homes in the lower part of the city under water and damage of a million dollars to its new railroad yards. There were five deaths in this vicinity.

The Lebanon Legionnaires made arrangements with the Central Vermont Railway to transport a special train carrying boats, food and clothing to the stricken towns up the river. Twelve large truckloads of material collected by the Lebanon Legionnaires and Aux-

iliaries were sent over the road to the Junction and there loaded on the train, with several members of the post going along to distribute the articles. Later it was found that additional supplies were necessary and these were collected and sent along to West Hartford, and a whole truckload was dispatched to Sharon. Posts in Keene and Claremont, New Hampshire, also sent supplies to White River Junction.

Posts all over the State of Vermont sent money, food and other supplies to the afflicted communities. From St. Albans and Burlington on the north to Brattleboro just a few miles above the Massachusetts line Legionnaires were on duty in person or vicariously with money or supplies. Department Commander Carleton Lawrence of Ludlow appointed relief chairmen in the various districts, and other officers, including National Committeeman Jack Crowley of Rutland, were active. In general the towns and villages in the western part of the State suffered less than those in the east, and communities along the Connecticut River, which marks the dividing line between the State and New Hampshire, had an easier time of it than those served by the smaller rivers.

Burlington Post, besides contributing money and goods in quantity, sent a big delegation in trucks and automobiles into Waterbury and Montpelier within forty-eight hours of the disaster. They carried necessary medical supplies, a thousand loaves of bread, yeast, bedding and a thousand-pound radio sending outfit in charge of Charles Worthen which sent out the first direct word from Waterbury to the outside world, and stayed on the job to help put Waterbury back on the map.

The log of Brattleboro Post's activities during the flood period may be regarded as typical of posts in communities that suffered little damage:

November 6th, took three cars of food, blankets, medical supplies to Ludlow and Cavendish; 10th, benefit dance, proceeds turned over to Red Cross; 11th, transportation furnished for 1,000 pounds of flour, five hundred pounds of cereal, thirty pounds of yeast to Montpelier for Red Cross; 12th, Auxiliary food sale, seventy dollars turned over to Red Cross; 21st, three boxes of clothing sent by Auxiliary unit to Auxiliary Department headquarters at St. Johnsbury.

THE cities along the Connecticut River in Massachusetts had time to prepare for the flood, which began to assume dangerous proportions on Saturday, November 5th. At 6:30 that morning Commander Edward L. O'Brien of Northampton Post called upon the members to secure boats to get people out of their homes in the lowlands. Most of these people had to be taken from their homes in these boats. They were then taken to the Legion rooms, and

later removed to Memorial Hall in the same building and to the Elks Home, where cots procured by the Red Cross were set up. The Legion rooms were used as headquarters for the refugees and were kept open continuously for nine days. Smith College girls came to the rooms daily and supervised the games of the refugees' children. The Northampton Legionnaires also helped secure the dike protecting the city when it threatened to give way and assisted in pumping out water from cellars and in various other work that had to be performed before people were allowed to go back into their homes. Mayor Welch, himself a Legionnaire, gave warm praise to the post for its work.

At Holyoke, nine miles south, there was no such emergency, and Legionnaires there were not called upon for help in their own community, but co-operated with a committee appointed by Department Commander John W. Reth. This committee, whose chairman was Eben S. Draper of Hopedale, was accompanied by Department Adjutant Dennis H. Haverty in a tour of the communities affected by the flood, and did excellent work in co-ordinating Legion relief activities.

Eight miles south of Holyoke, on opposite banks of the Connecticut, are Springfield and West Springfield. Emergency conditions enlisted the services of the West Springfield Post first. During the night of November 4th the Legionnaires helped patrol the dike which ordinarily protects the Merrick section of the town from the river. On the following evening at six o'clock when this dike gave way Legionnaires took the families made temporarily homeless by the flood to various places in Springfield and West Springfield.

Springfield Post had been on duty since one o'clock that afternoon, using sandbags on the dike at the north end of the city. By the time the dike in West Springfield gave way Springfield Post had one hundred automobiles and three hundred men on duty. So when West Springfield called for help a detail was sent across the river. With the one hundred members of West Springfield Post and its Boy Scout troop they went at the work of rescue in vigorous fashion. When a call came from the barns of the Eastern States Exposition, where more than a hundred valuable saddle, polo and race horses were floating in their stalls, Commander Arnold P. Estelle of West Springfield Post got in touch with Commander George V. Blackburn of Agawam Post, and members of all three posts assisted in getting the horses to safety.

In the meantime Springfield Post had sent out a call over radio station WBZ for its entire membership to assemble at the post rooms. Springfield Post is the largest in Massachusetts, with a few more than a thousand members. Fully eight hundred of these were on the job by nine o'clock and worked under the direction of Harold P. Redden, county commander. James P. Boland, commander of the post, and Earle F. Bliss, its executive (Continued on page 52)

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High Water

(Continued from page 51)

secretary, who had been attending a meeting of the Department's relief committee in Boston, arrived at post headquarters at eleven o'clock Saturday night and superintended the securing of cots and food for refugees who had been placed in the state armory. Meanwhile the National Guard had been called out and the work of transporting the guardsmen was allotted to the Legion, which also patrolled the north end of the city, where the water was still high.

Colonel E. J. Slate of the 104th Infantry, Massachusetts National Guard, was warm in his praise of the Legionnaires for the efficient aid they gave in transporting the guardsmen. At the armory, clothing was accumulating for the refugees as they were brought in, and Legionnaire doctors and nurses looked out for their comfort.

Westfield Post joined with other posts in its vicinity in caring for refugees at Chester, a small town a few miles southeast of Becket, where Pittsfield Post did such valiant work. Other Legion posts in the western part of the State also co-operated in the relief work, and one Legionnaire gave five thousand dollars and two others a thousand apiece. In the central part of the State, where the Blackstone River overran its banks, posts at Uxbridge, Millbury, North-

bridge and Grafton helped in rescue work in their own towns and in Sutton, where extensive damage was done.

Lastly, the State of Connecticut felt the force of the flood waters. East Hartford and Hartford suffered most, but by this time preparations for combating the high water had been made, and although there was considerable property loss there was no danger to life. Legionnaires in these communities gave service as individuals in taking care of those whose homes had to be abandoned temporarily.

LIKE the larger-scale Mississippi flood of last spring and summer the New England high water of November, 1927, given the same conditions, can recur any year. Such phenomena as these are styled "acts of God" in the quaint phraseology of the law to show that man has not yet learned to order all things as he would have them in his little world. As the ancient Hebrew seer expressed it, man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward. Fire, air, wind and water are no respecters of persons or communities. But wherever there is an American Legion post within calling distance, the community overwhelmed by disaster knows that its call for aid will not be in vain.

Here's Luck!

(Continued from page 29)

words to the meagre vocabulary which remained as a residue of an abandoned ambition of his school days. "I can say yes and no, and that's about all," he confessed to the captain of the Gang's company.

"That's twice as much as you'll need—say yes to everything," the captain advised, "and when yes won't work, fall back on gestures. Personally, kid, I aim to lean heavy on a little sign language I learned down on the Arizona desert."

"That ought to get you by, Cap. with a casual wink thrown in at the right moment," someone called through a mask of lather. "Holy buzz-saw, these razor blades got rusty!"

A cry for help from an adjoining section of the long building wherein the officers were quartered: "How in hell do you say the female word for beautiful—that is, how do you say, 'You are beautiful'?"

"You are cuckoo. You don't have to say it; just look it or hand her a bouquet of garlic."

"Think beautiful thoughts and the girls'll get you safe enough," another comforter assured the inquirer.

"To hell with all that sweet-scented jabber about love's young dream—what I want to know is when do we eat and how?"

"You'll eat plenty. The banquet will be a mile long and six feet deep in the finest line of drinks you ever tasted."

"Lead me to it! Where's all that transportation the feeble quartermaster was to have rounded up?"

"Here it comes. Never mind the guard. All out, you birds, and don't drink out of the finger bowls."

At nightfall the great and beautiful chateau which was the residence of Aubre Tiffonet became the setting for a brilliant scene. Beautiful women and brave men of France, arriving late, greeted the American officers who had come early to avoid the rush around the flowing bowl.

Equipped with an average of three French phrases apiece, and forbearing to parade them more than once or twice for the edification of their fair companions, the younger officers of the Regiment milled rapidly among the ladies seeking to favor each one with a full list of compliments.

"I gaze upon you charming tonight."

"I am very fortunate for you to make my acquaintance."

"May you wish have me with a cock-tail."

Twenty-four ladies meant a perfect score of twenty-four appetizing drinks, and to the credit of the Regiment is

recorded that some of the gentlemen made perfect scores.

On the crest of the seventh wave an owl-eyed major came stiffly to attention before the Loot, who was at the moment conversing fluently in some unknown language with the lovely niece of Aubre Tiffonet. "Lieutenant," the major inquired, "when do we eat? . . . Bong nude, Senorita."

"How droll, is it not?"

"Ah oui, mon cheery," the Loot began, but his finer phrases were smothered by a sudden silence which spread through the brilliant throng.

"The general!"

Announced with due formality by a cheer leader in livery, M. le General Goizet-Diderot rendered a graceful salute to the company from where he stood immediately behind his stomach in the arched doorway of the great room. At the rotund general's side, completing the picture of a side view of an old-fashioned bicycle with the little wheel and the big wheel, stood Miss Gay Winning. Miss Gay had sidestepped the Genimont ruckus in favor of the bigger and better things of life. "Hello, people!" Miss Gay called to the company, and then to the general, who was her escort, "Oh, Guzzy, isn't this just the damn loveliest party!"

Forthwith, after five, ten or fifteen drinks had splashed into the ponderous Commander of the Region, dinner was announced. After a momentary period of confusion during which the younger officers of the Regiment sought to sidestep a sudden epidemic of elderly ladies and dignified aunties who had unexpectedly appeared on the scene, the company paraded into a dazzling crystal cave and sat down to dinner.

The Loot closed one eye and read an engraved wine list which lay on the table before him. "A threat or a promise," he thought, "but either way I'm sure programmed for a flood of likker."

From across the table his captain, reading a duplicate of the wine list, spoke quickly to the Loot. "Never mind the cock-eyed guard! Boy, this looks like the best war we ever fought! . . . Here's luck!"

AT the Café Poisson in Lowzac, Tex. Rex and Mex batted the music for Miss Gay Winning after her departure, putting on an impromptu entertainment which presently subsided into a riotous dance.

Here was jazz! Heavy hands banged the keyboard of the swaying piano, and then outside the café a skidding automobile delivered a cargo of band instruments. The music changed from bad to worse and from worse to a wild blaring rhythm that galvanized even the oldest native inhabitant who heard it.

Hilaire, Plutarque, Ovide, Corneille, rheumatic and ancient veterans of the Lowzac Fire Department, reacted in spite of rheumatism and were dancing presently with French flappers of seventy and less.

A yowling blast from a locomotive whistle punctuated the blaring music and under the (Continued on page 54)



After
Every
Meal



Its friendly aid
to teeth, appetite and diges-
tion will help to keep the glow of
health on little cheeks and on yours, too.



Contents

Space for 200
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Map of Paris
Itinerary

Identification
Page
Space for Badges
Passenger List
Autographs
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Here's Luck!

(Continued from page 53)

booming of the big bass drum came the rumble of a northbound train.

Along one side of the open square of Lowzac, bounded by the elevated structure of the railway above, and by a row of round tables fronting the Café Chemin de Fer, the dancers looked upward at the incoming train, noting that it was crowded with French soldiers. Then, amid a frantic exchange of greetings between the traveling troops and the dancers in the open space below them, the revel was resumed.

Contributing his bit to the gayety, an envious French soldier leaned far out of the doorway of his car. After taking careful aim he dropped an empty wine bottle fair upon the cluttered top of a table below him.

He scored a five; and in addition, without knowing it, he had fired the first gun in a new war.

Around the table when the bottle crashed in its center sat half a dozen of the Gang. "What the hell!"

Plans for retaliation and revenge bloomed on the instant; but, save for a harmless return volley of beer bottles, revenge at the moment was not enjoyed because the train was under way and the originator of the quaint jest could not be located among the derisive Frenchmen who grinned and grimaced from each passing car on the tracks above.

Except for the members of the Gang around the bombarded table the encounter passed almost unnoticed, save that the station-master, telephoning from his elevated perch above the square of Lowzac, relayed distorted news of the affair to his fellows in Bordeaux. "Upon the railway carriages the soldiers of America have, with empty bottle and other missiles, committed an assault."

Enough. The second section of the troop train, leaving Bordeaux twenty minutes later, carried four hundred men, most of whom were resolved to avenge the insult offered to their comrades during the brief moment while the train halted above the throng at Lowzac. "The egg, the vegetable, regardless of expense, the discarded sock—these will serve for the barrage! How admirable!"

While the attacking forces were accumulating ammunition and while their intended victims were making up for lost time in the square at Lowzac, Aubre Tiffonet, addressing the dinner party assembled in his chateau, launched forth on a speech calculated to cement a little more firmly the ties which bound America to France.

The mayor, accomplished in languages, spoke in what he thought was English. He reviewed the plight of France, he echoed the call which had gone forth

for help, he dwelt at length upon the demonstrated ability, the unquestioned courage of America . . .

M. le General Goizet-Diderot, sitting in the place of honor, held his bulging stomach in his lap and struggled to stay awake.

"For Gawd sake when is he coming to the toast?" An agitated brother officer whispered the hoarse question to the Loot.

"Before this insane ambition for the career political claimed him, dear Uncle Tiffonet was never like this," the charming niece of the mayor confided to her dinner companion, who nodded his head to indicate a complete understanding of her words.

"Ah oui, Sister, oui oui, mon cheery."

Winding up for his supreme effort, the mayor indulged in a preliminary gesture which knocked over two long-necked bottles of wine at his right, and then: "I get the honor of to propose the health in that distinguished what you have said in bon mot the Roughneck Rider, and of himself a true friend to France, none the less Woodrow Roosevelt, President of the United States—"

"Pss-s-s-t — Wilson! Wilson!"

"—who preceded that thrice amiable M'sieur Wilson, the present holder of that high office!"

The amendment carried, and the Americans present

drank two drinks apiece. In some confusion, justly doubting the adroitness with which he had masked his ignorance of American politics, the mayor sat down.

There followed a pause during which the younger American officers snaked another two or three drinks apiece; and then, with a smile in his kindly eyes, the colonel of the Engineer Regiment nodded to one of his officers, a major who possessed no small talent for Bourbon and its contingent oratory.

The major got to his feet with the assistance of a tactful servant. For a little while the major stood gazing, owl-like, as if hypnotized, straight before him into the round red face of General Goizet-Diderot.

The face of the general appeared to be an obstacle to the major's oratory.

Then suddenly, while the company waited for the flood of eloquence, the major hiccuped slightly and pointed his finger at the red face of the ponderous General Goizet-Diderot. In good voice the major began his speech: "Look at that fat bird—he's sound asleep! . . . I thank you!"

The major sat down.

"How droll these Americans, is it not?"

Taking up the speech where the dis-



abled major had left off, the colonel did the best he could while, from the far end of the banquet hall, a troupe of six lieutenants, suddenly realizing that they were trained bears, slid to the floor and began an exit on hands and knees toward the drawing-room adjoining. Presently the colonel's speech was accompanied by strains of music, while a singing voice which was suddenly choked to silence announced that there would be a hot time in the old town tonight.

Surrendering to his personal desires, to the dictates of common sense and to overwhelming odds, the colonel picked up his oration and carried it boldly to the place where the President of France waited eagerly for his bit of tommyrot.

"Here's luck!" a junior officer volunteered while the toast was being drunk. "Hooray for us and France!"

The music from the drawing-room swelled to a louder strain. The dancing consisted of a high-pressure course of instruction wherein a score of the loveliest ladies in France learned a lot less than they craved to know about the style of dancing just then in vogue in the United States.

By bending his beribboned chest over and above his stomach, General Goizet-Diderot was enabled to get near enough to the hypnotizing little Miss Gay Winning to accompany her through the contortions of a daily dozen. "Come home or writhe! Hoop-la!"

Faintly echoing the dizzy general's exclamation of delight, far away at Lowzac the locomotive of the second section of the French troop train whistled for that station.

"Let your aim be made with a deliberation, my braves," a platoon commander advised his comrades on the train, and then, firing at will after the first volley, the vegetable barrage of revenge was hurled by eager patriots toward the Americans in the open square below.

After the first flight of missiles had been launched, quickly realizing the nature of the attack, the Engineers came back with an impetuous enthusiasm that evened the score with the second volley.

Beer bottles, hurtling upward, moaned plaintive notes from their open necks and showered broken glass upon the occupants of the train.

With the honors even after the first minute, seeking to quell the riot, here and there in the open square peace-loving Frenchmen laid hands upon aroused Americans and then, as the troop train pulled out to the tune of the station master's penny whistle, the second phase of the Battle of Lowzac had begun.

Observing this, "Mon Dieu!" the spying station master exclaimed, "the combat internationale!" He leaped to his telephone. "Allo! Allo!" he began, and, following a vituperative torrent poured into the ears of the exchange operators, he was connected presently with police headquarters in Bordeaux. "Reserves to Lowzac! Rioting has begun which is three times terrible. Make haste!"

This accomplished, the chef de gare sought the aid of more appropriate authority over the (Continued on page 56)



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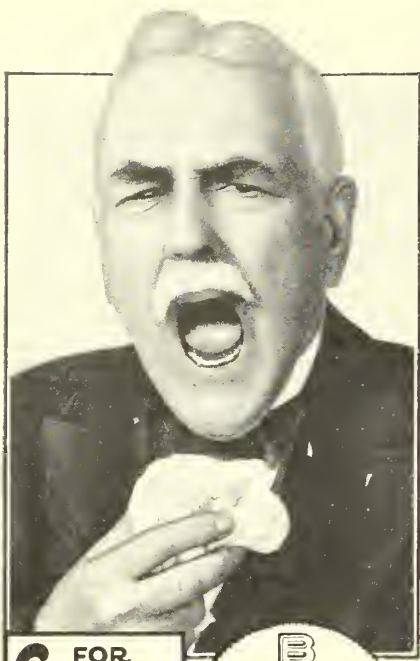
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BEFORE-AFTER

Here's Luck!

(Continued from page 55)

copper circuit which led to the chateau of M. Aubre Tiffonet.

To that personage. "A deplorable affair is approaching its crisis in this place of your jurisdiction!" Explaining the nature of the affair. "The citizens of Lowzac are engaged in combat with the troops American," the station master announced. "It is three times plus terrible! Summon the commanding colonel of the Americans before his men are overwhelmed!"

In a bright circle of light cast by a street lamp the chef de gare saw one of the threatened Americans plow his way through a group of his French opponents, leaving behind him half a dozen prostrate forms . . .

"Ah—the boxing! The Americans make to kill with the fist, Monsieur Tiffonet! Summon their commanding officer, I implore you, before his men are destroyed!"

In some haste and suffering from no little apprehension, monsieur le maire sought the colonel of the Regiment. "We will go at once to Lowzac if you please, mon colonel," the mayor said with some formality.

The colonel considered taking an escort with him and then, thinking better of it, he bowed to the mayor of Genimont-Lowzac. "At your pleasure, sir," the colonel agreed, and a moment later, in the low rakish limousine enjoyed by the mayor at the expense of the munition works, the two gentlemen began their dash to the scene of conflict.

For a while along the level river bank the automobile ran smoothly. Then, failing to function, the car sneezed harshly. Deep within its hot mechanism a fife-and-drum corps began to sound, and the car stopped.

The mayor's chauffeur, cheerful and optimistic, judged that one little minute would be sufficient time in which to repair his gargling pet. The little minute lengthened into five, into ten—to twenty, while with increased formality marking his silence the mayor sat in one corner of the car and devoted himself to turning purple in the darkness, laboring with superhuman effort to control an exploding vocabulary of naughty, naughty cuss words.

Near him, braced comfortably into the other corner of the limousine, the colonel drew evenly upon a long and comforting cigar, the while reviewing the phrases of the three-page order which he had composed in an effort toward strengthening the justly celebrated Entente Cordiale.

Some minutes later, when the colonel's cigar was half consumed and while the fuming chauffeur had begun to blame a long line of paternal ancestors for accomplishing the sorry event of his birth, the Bordeaux police reserves arrived upon the battlefield in the square at Lowzac.

It appeared that some imagination had

been injected into the station master's description of the riot. About the square, French girls were dancing gaily with the American soldiers while in the brightly lighted cafés which edged the open space enthusiastic groups of Frenchmen drank to the health of the Americans amid cheers and loud song and broken phrases of two garbled languages.

From the Café Poisson, blaring into the night out of the brass throats of a dozen band instruments, came music and discord which thrilled the calloused hearts of the amiable Bordeaux police reserves—and they fell.

In the billiard room adjoining the bar of the Café Poisson, on an impromptu throne which had been erected upon a billiard table, sat Joe Miller. The Uplifter's perspiring brow upheld a silken crown while draped about him clustered a concentrated group of feminine youth and beauty.

"I'm old man Bacchus!" the Uplifter announced, catching sight of some of the police reserves who had entered the café. "Give those noble gen-darmeys a drink. Open some more champagne—hooray for France!"

When the echoes of the cheering were drowned in gurgles the ancient Plutarque, enjoying the moral support of Hilaire, Victoire, Ovide, Corneille, Bartolomey, veterans of the Lowzac Fire Department, raised another cheer for the land of the strangers: "Huzzash pour l'Amerique!" piped old Plutarque, holding his gnashing false teeth in place by means of an extended thumb, "Hooroosh pour lesh Americans!"

Then, while a gratifying response answered him, the old man removed his false teeth and applied himself diligently to the task of emptying a bottle of champagne without the aid of any intermediate glassware.

In upon this scene, some time after the Bordeaux police reserves had enjoyed their seventh round of drinks, marched the mayor of Genimont-Lowzac, M. Aubre Tiffonet, together with the colonel commanding the Regiment of Engineers.

For a fleeting moment the pair gazed upon the scene before them, and then, in a smiling response to a bellowed invitation from old Joe Bacchus Miller, the mayor and the colonel pledged each other's health with a bottle of champagne and, bowing to the company, withdrew to where the limousine awaited them. The fog of formality dissolved into the airs of the riotous night.

"Return to my residence," the mayor directed. Then, countermarching his order, he got out of the car and hurried back to the Café Poisson. He returned a moment later carrying two open and foaming bottles of champagne, one of which he presented to the colonel.

"Permit me, my Colonel, to have the goddam honor of drink to your health

... Wuf! ... It is, as you say in your most admirable language, always making weather when goddam good boys get altogether." To the chauffeur, "Hasten, my child—return to my residence where as host I have been so neglectful."

Before he entered into the scene of revelry at his chateau, M. Aubre Tiffonet whispered some hurried directions concerning a reserve store of champagne which he had laid down twelve years before. "Not one case, fool!" he replied to his servant's question. "—a dozen cases—six dozen cases—all of it—as long as these brave gentlemen take pleasure in its bouquet." Then, arm in arm with the colonel, the mayor returned to his drawing-room.

The two gentlemen halted for a moment in the doorway of the main salon.

Before them, perspiring freely and dying a martyr's death, the red-faced, ponderous General Goizet-Diderot, electrified by some momentary and miraculous vigor, whirled through the violent termination of an Apache dance with the sprightly Miss Gay Winning, who, in complete abandon, had discarded most of her early training and part of her costume under the spell of the wild music of the dance.

At the conclusion of the exhibition General Goizet-Diderot sat down with his stomach in his lap, giving place to an enthusiastic company commander who, light on his feet, slapped the floor with a preliminary patter of soft-shoe dancing which spread until it reached the colonel of the Regiment.

"Boys will be boys," the colonel reflected. Then, gracefully removing his spurs and regretting the slight impediment to perfection imposed by his polished boots, he took up the pattering footwork which had developed in his old Kentucky homeland. Forthwith he afforded his delighted audience a whirlwind exhibition of what a young man of sixty could do when he spread himself.

"Hot dam! Look at the colonel go! Boy, he's buildin' a fire with each foot!"

The Loo, forgetting his French, poured his admiring criticism of the colonel's performance into the little pink ears of the niece of Aubre Tiffonet. "Lord, Lord, lady—was fancy hoofing a dewdrop, our colonel is the Mississipp! Sand the rail—I'm slipping. C'mon, baby, let's go!"

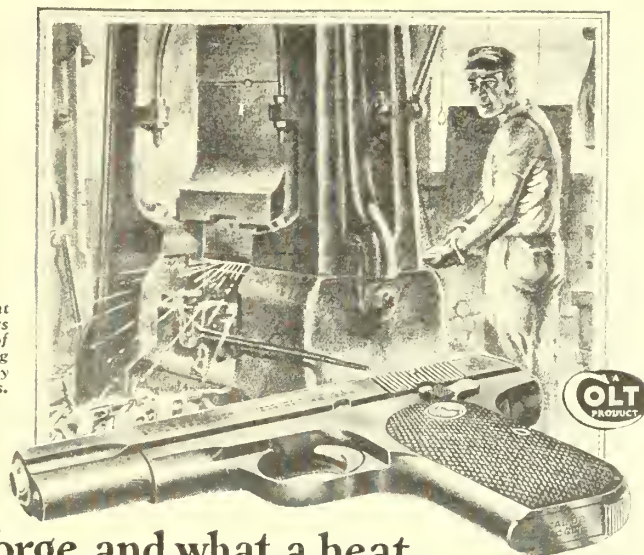
The mayor's niece felt a strong arm about her waist, and a moment later she was deep in the mazes of the dizzy jazz whose fury, inspired by the colonel's example, had claimed every member of the applauding company.

IN the cold gray dawn, riding up the hill to Genimont in the limousine placed at his service by his admiring host, the colonel spoke briefly to his adjutant who sat beside him.

"The order which you suggested relative to the necessity for promoting the Entente Cordiale—if you have sent it to the company commanders, cancel it! If it hasn't gone out, tear it up! Forget it! And in the future, Captain, avoid all such superfluous details."

(To be continued)

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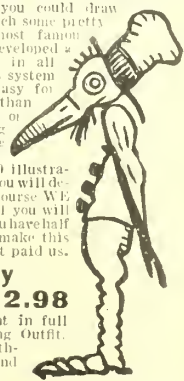
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An Enemy Debt

(Continued from page 17)

hour; but he cast off his blankets and crept to the head of the ladder. It was yet dark, but from the room where he had supped there shone the feeble light of a candle. The grandmother was groaning again, horrible long-drawn groans of senile pain and self-pity. And then he heard the girl speak.

"Oh, all right, then!" she was saying and there was no mistaking the resentment in her tone. "I'll warm some milk at once, if that will keep you quiet!"

More groans, and the sound of the girl's footsteps coming from the bedroom into the big room, the scratch of a sulphur match and a tinkle of vessels! Egon Weiler carefully descended the ladder.

The girl in a flannel night-dress, was stooping over a lampstove, a jug of milk on the floor beside her. Her hair hung down her back in two long plaits. She looked up, unstartled but with inquiry, as he tiptoed in.

"I heard," he said. "I wake easily nowadays. Let me do that for you."

She considered as usual before replying, gazing at his face, now washed and comely.

"Very well," she said, rising. "Do not let it boil, and bring it in when it is ready."

He nodded understandingly; she went back to the old woman and he bent to his task.

Five minutes later, he tapped gently on the bedroom door and was bidden to enter. It was a small square room, half filled by a big old-fashioned bed. A mountainous German feather bed quilt was upon it, and over the curve of it there appeared, propped upon pillows, an emaciated old face framed in the frills of a nightcap. The eyes in the face glittered strangely in the candle-light; the toothless mouth writhed continually, and as Egon Weiler paused to stare, it opened to emit a deep anguished groan.

The girl had been sitting by the bedside. She rose and took the jug, and poured some of the contents into a cup. From a medicine bottle she added a few drops of some drug.

"Here!" she said to the old woman. "Here's your milk!"

The invalid drank. The girl turned to Egon Weiler. "You'd better go back to bed," she said. "She'll go to sleep for a little now, but I'll have to sit up with her in case she wakes and wants more."

Weiler hesitated. "I can sleep all day," he said. "If I were permitted—if it is only a matter of giving her to drink—could I not save the gracious young lady the trouble of sitting up? You—er—" he gulped foolishly—"you have been so good to me."

Again that pause of watchful consideration.

"Very well," she said. "It is four

o'clock now; you must go up again at six. If she wakes after that I shall hear her. This is the medicine—six drops in every cup."

They do and suffer strange things in the Legion; they gain strange knowledge and pay strange prices for it. But they endure nothing stranger than that vigil of the deserter by the grandmother's bedside, with the cuckoo clock in the big room ticking like a tack-hammer, the old woman groaning heartrendingly in her sleep and the candle burning down to a tall-flamed ruin of grease. Twice he fed her gently and patiently, and when the cuckoo clock struck the hour of six, he rose and stole aloft with the feeling of one who wakes from the grotesqueness of a dream to the sobriety of reality.

He was asleep when the girl came up at nine o'clock with food and coffee, but woke in the accustomed panic as she laid it down beside him.

"It's all right," she said. "I have sent the Negro woman out on an errand. Light your candle."

He obeyed. He looked up at her and saw that she was smiling, really smiling for once.

"You must have done wonders last night," she said. "This morning the grossmütterchen keeps asking for 'the man.' 'Las' den Mann mich pflegen!'—let the man take care of me!—she says it again and again. You must go in and see her when you come down this evening."

"Gewiss!" he assented.

"And," she produced a printed paper, "there is this that you would like to see. You can keep it as a souvenir."

She gave it to him and departed. He leaned close to the candle to read it. It was the official handbill offering a reward for his capture. Height, age, distinguishing marks—all the rest of the inhuman catalogue of his dimensions—and, in blacker letters, for a sure inducement to all patriots: Nationality, German! Then the penalty for aiding or harboring him and last—the reward!

All they had left out, it seemed, was what they meant to do to him when they got him. That might have made the most bigoted would-be reward-gleaner hesitate—the months of black cell, of semi-starvation, of long drawn-out punishment drill and fatigue, of added years of service. But Egon Weiler knew it all. It soured his coffee for him, embittered his meat and spoiled his cigarette.

At midday the girl brought him food again, and with it a bottle of beer.

"But you are spoiling me," he protested. "Gnädiges Fräulein, it is too much and I am ashamed."

She shook her head. "No," she answered. "It is nothing. You must be

comfortable while you are here, at least. If there is anything you would like, you must ask for it."

"I would like to kiss your hand very humbly and gratefully," he said.

"No," she replied. "No! There is no need for that!"

In the evening, when she called him down to the big room, she had news for him. Her father would return the following evening and she must go six miles to the railway station to meet him.

"And while I am gone, you perhaps would sit with the grossmütterchen? She has been asking for you all day."

"Of course I will," he agreed. "It makes me happy to think I can do anything for you. I wish there were only something more difficult."

Her eyes were on his face, thoughtful and calm.

"Do you?" she said. "Well, perhaps there will be soon."

She gave him a half-mug of brandy after supper and sent him to sit with her grandmother while she cleared away the table things and washed them up. He was eager to do it all for her but she refused.

"Men do not wash dishes," she said conclusively. He could not make it clear that men *did*—and many worse and meaner things than that—with the death penalty hanging over them if they refused.

In the bedroom, the old grandmother recognized him forthwith and uttered a queer little crow of joyful welcome.

"Der Mann!" she croaked. "The man again. Ach, *you* are good; you will take care of me now—nicht wahr?"

"Yes, yes!" he soothed. "I will take care of you, gracious lady. Have no fear!"

He sat down by the bedside and a skinny old claw of a hand struggled forth from under the counterpane and groped toward him. He met it with his and was forthwith clutched.

"The man," murmured the old woman, contentedly. "Der guter Mann!"

And, holding to his fingers she fell into a doze.

He settled himself comfortably in the bedside chair, crossed his legs and dreamed. He had had a bedridden grandmother of his own once; he wondered if she were still alive. If so, there was a possibility that he would see her again before long. There were all kinds of possibilities; life had enlarged from the single dreadful dimensions of the Legion to a universe of possibilities. His reveries broke off as the girl looked in at the door.

"Ach, poor grossmütterchen," she said. "She doesn't want to lose 'her man.' But she must have her medicine now and go to sleep properly."

The old woman took her medicine docilely enough from Weiler's hand, and even crooned something in the way of thanks. She was already sound asleep when he tiptoed from the room.

No noises (Continued on page 60)

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An Enemy Debt

(Continued from page 59)

from below awoke him that night and the next day passed much as the last. The girl had to leave by mule cart before it was safe for him to descend, but his supper was laid out for him on the table. He ate it in comfort, then heated some milk and carried it into the grandmother's room.

Once more he had the pathetic glad welcome. "Der Mann; der guter Mann; he has come to take care of me!"

"That is right," he said gently. "I have come to take good care of you. And first you shall have a good cup of warm milk without any medicine in it."

"Ah, you are good," quavered the grandmother. "A good man!" She took the milk willingly and murmured gratefully.

The skinny hand found his as before when he took the chair by the bedside and again he settled himself to contented dreams. It was plain to him that without wise help he would not get much further. There were clothes to be obtained, the need for identification papers to be evaded, and from Algiers there was the sea to be crossed to Spain or Italy. A man's help, a German's—that was the way out. And then—

It was not long after that that he heard the hooves of the mules and the squeal of the cartwheels at the door. The girl's voice was distinguishable and immediately the front door opened. Then boots clumped across the floor, the bedroom door was pulled wide and Egon Weiler, not disengaging his left hand from the old woman's clasp, rose to confront a burly bearded man, overcoated and still wearing his hat. For some seconds the newcomer stared formidably without speaking.

"You are the deserter?" he demanded suddenly.

Weiler quailed, but the habit of prompt reply had been ground into him. "Yes, Herr!" he answered humbly.

"And a German?"

That sounded better. "Yes, Herr," he answered again with alacrity.

"And your name is Egon Weiler, Legionnaire of the Second Battalion?"

"Yes, Herr."

The big man nodded slowly. "Volkommen—perfect!" he said. He turned and spoke apparently to the girl. "You heard?" he asked in French. "Very well; you can come in now."

And there entered forthwith, as the big man stood aside, not the girl, but a fully accoutred sergeant of the Legion, swagger, curled moustache, arrogance, power and all.

"Eh b'en, mon petit!" he said with a hangman's jocularity. "And art thou quite ready to go home with papa?"

Behind him were two other armed men who entered at his back. They came forward and laid hold of Egon. He had stood like stone till then, but as they grasped him he spoke.

"Careful," he said. "Don't wake her."

He drew his hand away gently and held forth both his wrists for the shackles.

The girl was in the front room whither they took him; she was at the table pouring brandy into an array of glasses. They placed their prisoner against the wall while they stood about and drank.

"He may have one?" she asked of the sergeant.

"Why not?" consented that demi-god carelessly. "It will be a memory for him."

Egon Weiler took the glass between his chained hands. His soul was ice. He looked at her over the raised glass, but he could not abash those chill blue eyes. Nevertheless he spoke.

"I will pay for this in full some day," he said.

She shook her head indifferently. "It is paid already," she answered. "The reward covers all."

And presently they took him away to his torment, his service and at the last, to the Chemin des Dames and the payment of his debt.

First Families

(Continued from page 23)

Fé friend in this detail I should have been up against it. A stranger can go to any New England or Southern community and learn who is who in no time. The genealogy shelf in the public library seems almost eager to speak. But there is not a printed book on New Mexican genealogy in existence. There is no need for one. The old grandee families are all related by marriage. They know who is who and display no more interest in informing the outside

world than the outside world has displayed in informing itself.

It is common, even among some of the Anglo-Saxon residents of New Mexico, to refer to their fellow citizens of Spanish blood as Mexicans. The Anglo-Saxons, by their own definition, are Americans. This offends the New Mexican of Spanish ancestry, although that is something one must find out for himself. The New Mexican of Spanish lineage may pity your lack of taste or

your innocence of your country's history, but he will say nothing.

He will not speak of Gringos or, in your presence, of an Anglo, which is the Spanish-speaking New Mexican's short way of saying an Anglo-Saxon. New Mexicans have never used the term Gringo extensively and now they do not use it at all. That is a Mexican word derived, I have heard, from a Mexican War song our soldiers sang about home "where the green grass grows." New Mexicans have almost no intercourse with the Old Mexicans, as they call them, and little to do in a social way with the migratory Mexican laborers who wander the Southwest. Their language is different, and the New Mexicans are purer racially.

One can imagine the chagrin of the New Mexicans when one of the obstacles the Territory of New Mexico had to overcome in its sixty-six-year fight for statehood was its name. The objection was particularly strong in the East, and it was proposed to change the name to Lincoln and even the absurd Montezuma. It is not on record that the New Mexicans pointed out, even in the most polite terms, that New Mexico is an older American name than New York or New Jersey, New London or New Bedford.

There are places in New Mexico, and one does not have to go out of his way to find them, where one can ride for twenty-five miles without seeing a house. The deliberate seeker of privacy can do much better than that. But at any time he is apt to descend into a well-watered valley and a village that inhabits another world. Solitude, silence, sunshine, siestas. Every señora wears a topelo, and the bright mantillas are out on Sunday. Old men cover the crowns of their heads with red bandanas and some wear sashes. Progress has not substituted the phonograph and "Red Hot Mamma" for a guitar and "La Golondrina." Wheat is cut by hand, threshed by trampling under foot and winnowed by throwing in the air. In the evening the padre strolls meditatively under the trees of his garden, watering his flowers. At the humblest dwelling you will be received with grave courtesy. You admire a piece of pottery on the mantel or a crucifix. "Señor, it is yours"—a polite phrase meaning yours to enjoy. You dine on chili, frijoles (red beans in hot sauce), tortillas (a sort of pancake) and strong coffee. You roll brown paper cigarettes, but an old New Mexican gentleman will not light his in your presence without "Con su licencia, señor."

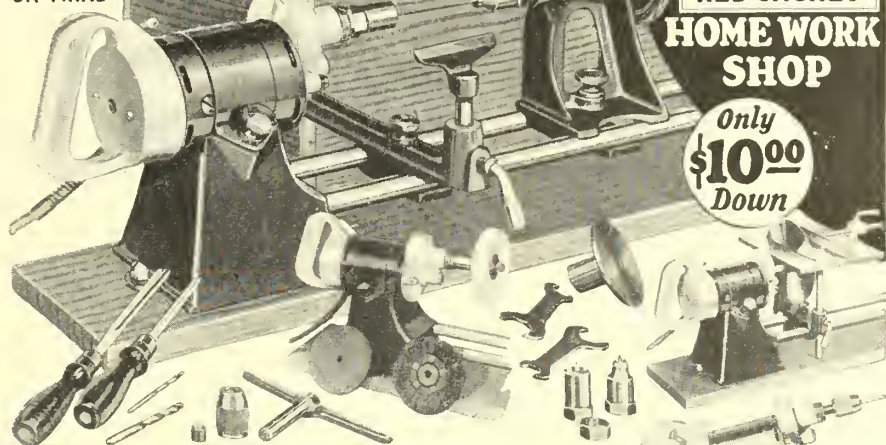
This life makes Santa Fé seem modern. Still: Romaulda, who waits on my table at the Hacienda de los Cerros, and comes to work on horseback, sees in each tip she slips into her pocket a new splendor for the costume she will wear in remembrance of San Francisco de Assisi whose fiesta will soon be at hand now—in September, that was. She informs me she will have a fine peinitas—high Spanish comb. Bueno. Bueno how come, say I, since she has bobbed her hair and the peinitas will not stay put. "You have no (Continued on page 62)

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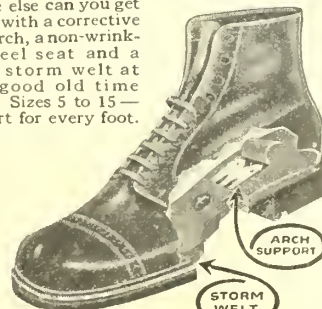
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First Families

(Continued from page 61)

imagination," says Romaulda. "I shall wear a wig."

Romaulda was not alone in laying great store by the fiesta. The young ladies of the feudal aristocracy were quite as much on tiptoe, and a great deal was said at tea-time that was Greek to an outlander. But the previous year, I gathered, the fiesta was an affair of great magnificence. It was "sponsored." The painters in the Taos colony got interested. Wealthy patrons of music and the dance who spend their summers in New Mexico contributed of their means and their talents. Outside artists were engaged and came long distances to help put the fiesta across.

The result was good, but it wasn't Santa Fé. But the thing was done and St. Francis's day was water over the dam. There was, however, a way out. Without assistance from abroad, Santa Fé organized a fête of its own and held it a few weeks later. It would not have been proper to have called this the fiesta of San Francisco, so with Latin candor they called it simply *pasa tiempo* or a pastime. At the pastime Santa Fé enjoyed itself in its own way. It sang "Adelita" and "La Cucaracha" and danced La Endita. Some of these songs and dances are very old and are known nowhere except in New Mexico. Some of the songs have never been written down. The themes are not new but the airs are seductive and the words, like those of "La Luna," often have a vague charm in Spanish.

THE Department Commander of The American Legion, Mr. Jesus Baca, was taking a trip on business of the organization and I went with him.

The sun was setting behind Ute Peak when we drove into Costilla, one hundred and thirty miles away. The houses of Costilla form three rectangular plazas—the Upper Plaza, the Middle Plaza and the Lower Plaza. The Lower Plaza is over the line in Colorado. Some of the houses are slit with narrow windows, shoulder high, which Mr. Barela, the elder, explained were constructed in the old days as a convenience against Indian attacks.

The Middle Plaza is the principal one. The public school is at one end and the church at the other. Across from Mr. Barela's is the clubhouse of the Legion. We put up at Mr. Barela's, whose residence is the most pretentious in Costilla, containing, I should say, seven or eight very large rooms. After supper we sat on the portal and smoked and talked with Mr. Barela, his son and family of four who live with him, and with Mr. Allerano, a neighbor. Excepting the necessary translations for my benefit, everything was in Spanish.

Young Mr. José Barela is Commander of Santistevan-Baca Post of The American Legion of Costilla. After an hour's conversation Mr. Baca mentioned the object of his visit. Santistevan-Baca

Post would be awarded the annual prize for membership and commendable community activity. Mr. Barela regretted his inability to call a special meeting of the post to receive this good news. But the Commandante (Mr. Baca) knew how that was. Only four members of the post in Costilla at present. They were always away in summer, herding their flocks in the hills, and some of them working on ranches as far off as Wyoming.

I regretted this, too. Santistevan-Baca Post is one of the sixteen of New Mexico's eighty-four units of the Legion that conducts its meetings in the Spanish language. The ritual is followed meticulously. The Post Commander seats the meeting with the prescribed rap of the gavel and the Adjutant reports that "all present are members in good standing." The Commander directs:

"Los Porta Estandartes avanzarán con la Bandera de Nuestro País."

The colors, accordingly, are advanced. Though optional, the singing of a stanza from "America" is never omitted. The New Mexicans have their own translation which is a favorite at patriotic gatherings. Every school child knows it.

*Oh, patria miá bendita,
Tierra de libertad,
A ti dirijo,
Todos los días, las armonías
De mi cantar.*

This is not a literal rendition of the opening lines of the ode. For purposes of meter it has been changed a little and into the transposition has crept something of the inherent poetry of the Spanish tongue. Literally the Spanish version would read in English:

*Oh, my blessed country,
Land of Liberty,
To thee I direct
Every day the harmony
Of my song.*

Following the invocation by the chaplain, the meeting rises and recites together the preamble of the Legion's Constitution:

*Para Dios y pro Patria
Nos asociamos
Para los siguientes fines:
Para sostener y defender
La Constitucion de los Estados Unidos
de America. . . .*

And so on to the end, after which the meeting is ready for business. The meetings of Santistevan-Baca Post are always well attended and every ex-service man in the region belongs. The case of an absentee from any meeting is investigated by a standing committee and if no valid excuse appears for his having stayed away he is fined—twenty-five cents for the first offense, but the penalty may run as high as \$1.50. There

is never a dearth of business on hand. The post is raising a fund of \$3,500 to build a new clubhouse which will be a community center and the finest one in that part of New Mexico. The post takes care of its sick and provides medical attendance for those who cannot afford it. On Memorial Day it decorates graves for forty miles around. It buries its dead with elaborate ceremonial and sees that the bereaved dependents of no veteran suffer. It keeps tab on a veteran's rights, as accorded by the Government, and sees that its members are acquainted with them. The day of our visit Commander Barela had packed off José Vigil to the Federal hospital at El Paso.

On Washington's Birthday, Lincoln's Birthday, the Fourth of July and Armistice Day the post takes charge of the local observances. Things start off with a flag raising at the clubhouse at dawn at which every member must be present, which means that many ride in from the hills the night before. The post has a lively Auxiliary unit which joins in with the menfolks on auspicious occasions. The post and the Auxiliary form the axis about which the community life of the section revolves. In fact they have created a community life, American pattern, in a mountain cove which never before had known such a thing.

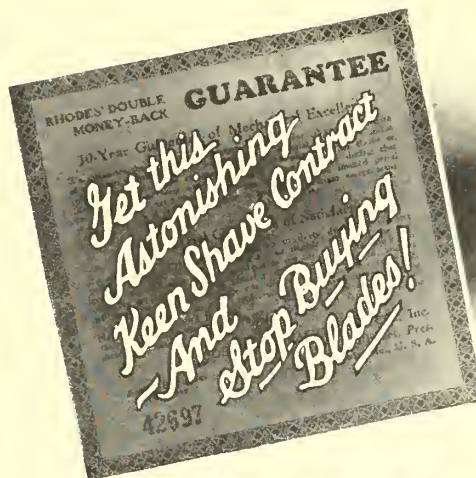
"Perhaps," said Commander Barela, "you think some of our by-laws a bit stringent, but our membership is small and scattered and it is necessary to adopt means that would be unnecessary in cities to bring the membership to meetings. We try to provide an occasion so that no one will regret that he has come."

"The Monthly is the only thing in English many of us read. Now I particularly liked that article about the people who live in the mountains of the South. I had no idea of the existence of such people, on which point I confess that I did not know my own country. But many of us, sir, are thus ignorant. Having exposed my own ignorance I shall, with your permission, relate an incident which opened my eyes."

"I was working on a ranch in Wyoming. Two young ladies from New Jersey had stopped there on their way to California by motor car. They asked me where I lived and I told them in New Mexico. They immediately inquired where I had learned English and what I thought of the United States. I tried to explain without causing them embarrassment that New Mexico is in the United States, but they thought that was just some ignorant notion of mine."

"I have so seldom to speak English here sometimes I express myself badly at first. I shall be glad when my children are all in the school speaking English. My wife and I try to teach it to them but at their play with the others they speak Spanish always and it is difficult for parents to correct every act of a child."

It was 10:30 o'clock. Mr. Barela's three little children had long ago been put to bed and (Continued on page 64)



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First Families

(Continued from page 63)

Mrs. Barela had retired. Every lamp in Costilla, save ours, was out. As there was no moon, the Plaza was quite dark. The only sound was the tink of a bell about the neck of a burro we could not see, though we could hear him eating grass. In New Mexico the burros run loose like dogs. A flock of them were rounded up in Santa Fé and put in the pound. The city administration tried to auction them off but few bids went as high as fifty cents. In the country, though, a good work burro is worth more.

Mr. Allerano, the acting Post Adjutant, as it developed, rose, shook hands around and said buenos noches, and we all went to bed.

Mr. Baca and I breakfasted late the next morning at seven. The members of the post who were in town were on hand to meet us. Each one pressed us to remain longer. Mañana. To depart so soon. One day!

But a tire was changed and amid a chorus of good wishes we were on our way.

The little road turns off from the Upper Plaza and the oasis comes sharply to an end. The trail enters a limitless sea of gray-green sage shimmering in the sun, and the pleasant houses about the three plazas, with the invaluable lithographs of the Blessed Virgin and several of General Pershing, fade against the mountains.

America — From the Inside Out

(Continued from page 19)

I think, yet fully grown. It is a lucky thing that he is not; as soon as the citizens of any country are socially mature stagnation sets in, they develop a kind of mother-of-pearl crust which is beautiful to behold but artificial to the touch. The Athenians at the height of their power, the later Roman Empire, the Italians of the Renaissance, the Spaniards of Philip II, the French of Louis Seize, the eighteenth-century English had this mother-of-pearl crust. That is the period of great art, and great art comes to a nation when the fullest tide of its spiritual and physical life is over; that period has not yet come to America. The American in this year of grace 1928 (of course I am generalizing) is socially in the schoolroom; he is exactly at the stage when he is conscious of his own developing powers, growing suspicious of the all-knowing, very limited governess and finding a kind of jolly impertinence and inspiring exercise. He is beginning to discover all kinds of truths beyond his own schoolroom, these truths lead him partly to admiration of others and partly to an amazed realization of the things that he can do better than anyone else. He still listens, with an attention that he is always trying to conceal, to the judgments and achievements of his elders, but he is seeing on every side the mistakes that his elders make, and when he realizes that they have lived so long and can yet achieve so many blunders he begins to doubt very seriously the whole of their performance. Moreover he notices, as every schoolboy notices about his elders, that they are always testing things by the past: "Now when I was young," says Uncle Henry, and is at once dismissed by his nephews as a silly old fool.

The American socially has in his present stage of growth three great virtues; he is enterprising, vigorous and most

humanly amiable; he will go anywhere and see anything, he has the eager curiosity of a child who is going to a grown-up party for the first time, his vitality carries him everywhere and his good humor gives him a buoyancy which is exhausting to some of his tried elders but extremely refreshing to others; his curiosity leads him to investigate in every direction, and a sense of wonder, the most important quality given to man, is with him always.

He has also socially three defects: superficiality, limited horizons and impatience with social tradition. His energy causes him to move so swiftly that he misses many essential things, his limited horizon prevents him from testing fully the proper proportion of things so that he considers factors important that are insignificant and misses often the deep and abiding profundities. His impatience for social tradition has much to be said for it, we are all in these post-war days impatient of social tradition, but there are often beautiful and moving truths in these traditions and it is important to the whole race that they should not be lost. I have but seldom, for instance, encountered an American who really understands the place of the Royal Family in English life; he either dismisses it contemptuously or charges it with far too romantic a sentiment; it is neither so important as he feels nor so unimportant as he thinks it ought to be. In social contacts in Europe he is too often chilled by European reticences; it takes him a long time to learn, for instance, that the English and the French have, through the experience of many hundreds of years, learned to defend their domestic security against the outsider by a social armor which has nothing of hostility nor pride in it but is simply a precaution. The American, who in his own country lives with all his doors

open and without walls, considers sometimes that a lock with a key in it is a personal insult to himself; he discovers after a time that when the key is turned for himself and not against him he is admitted to a richer and more enduring intimacy than he has ever known before, and that simply because a room into which he is invited contains only a few people.

His social contacts he wants to be immediate, complete and universal; he has no time to pick and choose because every moment is so exciting to him that he has time to live only for that moment. He gives all his confidences to the immediate stranger in order that this momentary contact may be exciting and full of color, but of course the contact is for that very reason evanescent and unimportant. He doesn't in reality expect it to be anything else, and therefore the foreigner, who gives no confidence unless it is important, is either suspicious and withdraws into himself or responds and is afterward bitterly disappointed at the meagre results.

A foreigner's social experience when he first comes to America is bewildering because he finds that everyone treats him with equal warmth and eagerness. "Can these all be really my friends?" he asks himself, knowing from his own European experience that friendship is one of the hardest and most difficult of the arts. He learns at last that nine out of the ten Americans he has encountered have intended nothing more than to make the immediate instant warm and happy; they live for happy moments, whereas the European has learnt to distrust happiness profoundly. Then socially the American has a deep vein of cynicism; he recognizes that his own enthusiasms are rarely permanent; to obtain the greatest excitement out of the greatest possible number he exalts his hero to a melodramatic height, and then, to maintain the excitement, knocks him over as quickly as may be. In estimates of prowess he is socially always a schoolboy; he loves to win and he loves his hero to win, but he is shy after his own exaltation and recovers his self-repute by knocking his hero down.

His cynicism of course extends to his view of himself, and this is a fact seldom realized by Europeans. The whole of his humor, which is a supremely gay and delightful thing, is based on his own self-criticism. As soon as a foreigner calls an American complacent he betrays his absolute ignorance of America. Here socially the American is at his worst in Europe, because he is not complacent, and because he is deeply suspicious of himself. When he reaches Europe he wants to put his best foot foremost. He is like a child at a children's party who claims that he has the finest mother, the grandest train and the largest supply of pocket money because he is out against the world and sees his family left at home as something that has to be protected and fought for.

In the social sense his complacency is both disturbed and confirmed by what

he sees outside his own home. These other families have beautiful things that he has not got, that he would love to have, that he takes from them whenever he can, but he is surprised too by the splendid things that he possesses and, like all of us in our own private estimates, he feels that he is both rated too highly and not rated highly enough.

His excitement, his social kindness, his generosity of heart, his inability to apply real critical standards, the haste of his movements, his attention to the opinion of others and his passionate conviction that after all he knows best, lead to a medley of experiences that are of course bewildering. He returns home with his sense of contempt and a longing for something that he has not yet got both confirmed. And so, made uncomfortable by the present, he continues to fling himself with ardent hope into the future.

Turning to the esthetic side of contemporary American life any critic must be limited seriously by his own estimate of the things in life that stand for truth and beauty. There is for many men nothing more beautiful than efficiency, while for others carelessness is the highest divinity. I remember Conrad saying to me once that there were two kinds of art, the art whose value was static and immovable and the art whose value changed with every breath that blew; here you have a carpenter's box, perfectly constructed, sound and proof against all accident; no one, whatever his view of esthetics, will ever be able to deny that that is a good box, and every critic of art beholding it will say, "What is the address of that carpenter?" A book, a picture, a piece of music on the other hand has two esthetic qualities, one the beauty of its own content, which is unalterable, secondly, the sense of beauty in the eye of the beholder, which changes with every twist of personality, of period, of fresh taste and the rest. As the years pass that original amount of beauty can be more and more clearly estimated, and there are certainly artists so great that their position can at length be finally assured, and these artists can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

The contemporary American, I think, is in general not as yet anxious enough to discover the quality of this uncertain beauty. His interest in the arts is at present the interest of the Elizabethan adventurer who wants to be assured at the first glimpse of the buried treasure that the crucifixes are of real gold, the necklaces of true pearls, and so on. He is ahead of the European, who has become through many centuries languid about the arts; there is excitement at the possibility of new treasure, but he is far behind the European in his critical estimate. It follows from this that he is always trying to compel his own artists to produce something of unquestioned value, and when this cry becomes too generally insistent it means that the quality of value is more important than the quality of art.

One of the greatest dangers of modern American life is this constant longing to discover (Continued on page 66)



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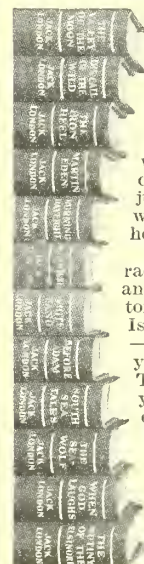
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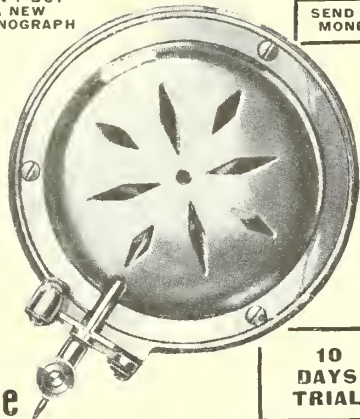
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America — From the Inside Out

(Continued from page 65)

short cuts. "There must be some way," he says, when he considers the European masterpieces of painting and literature, "of producing these things easily; we have the energy, the money and the power, and all these to a greater extent than Europe has them." He looks at, we will say, a painting by Rembrandt in the Louvre; he is moved by it, he does not know why; he realizes that it is something of value in the world if only because it is rare and is at once convinced that his country, which can produce wonderful buildings, astonishing railways and supreme meat factories should also, if the trick could be discovered, be able to produce Rembrandts. There he is right; that vitality and energy that there is in the American spirit must in the end produce great art, but it is moving too quickly; the desire for art produces artists in abundance, but great art can come only after long spiritual experience, and that is a stage in America's development that is not yet reached.

This whole impulse of hurry and insistence on commercial values is extremely dangerous. Take for a moment the present condition of American letters. In the novel at least America is rivaling now the younger generations of all the other countries of the world. Take a dozen of the more interesting American novelists under fifty or so; at a hazard I might name Sinclair Lewis, Willa Cather, Joseph Hergesheimer, Sherwood Anderson, James Branch Cabell, Elinor Wylie, Louis Bromfield, Zona Gale, Ernest Hemingway, Carl van Vechten, Elizabeth Roberts and Scott Fitzgerald; this is a very remarkable list. Take twelve of the most interesting English novelists under fifty. I might name at a venture Virginia Woolf, E. M. Forster, D. H. Lawrence, Rose Macaulay, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Francis Brett Young, Frank Swinnerton, William Gerhardt, Stella Benson, David Garnett, Mottram and Romer Wilson.

Lists are always absurd things, but it is apparent at once from these that there is very little to choose in value between these groups; there is no obviously great man or woman amongst them, there is no unquestioned genius but an astonishing amount of energy, individuality, beauty and originality. Yet the attitude to these two groups is quite different in the two countries. In America there is a passion to discover among these names some author of the great American novel. Some novelists, perhaps most of these that I have named and especially writers like Willa Cather and Cabell, remain quietly apart from the noise and skirmish, but one cannot be in America a month and one's ears not be deafened by the screaming and shouting of the publishers, the newspapers, the general public. This babel of sound has one very fine side to it; it shows that the arts are considered of serious importance in the life of the

nation; but on the other hand it is made as difficult as possible for the artist to develop quietly with his mind intent only upon his work. No young writer can make a mark in America without being at once overwhelmed with the babel of the market place; large sums of money are offered to him; he is tempted to produce work far too swiftly, and exhorted to repeat himself again and again. And at every other moment the contemporary American novel is dug up to discover how it is growing and whether the great American novel is in full bloom yet and if not why not.

The position is quite different in England; the average Englishman has no interest whatever in the great English novel, and the critic is for the most part concerned with proving theories of his own which leave him little room for general enthusiasms. With the other arts in America the same thing can be seen—the money is there but what to do with it? Well, one of the things to do, as we don't as yet produce these masterpieces ourselves, is to bring over as many as possible from Europe; picture galleries in America are rapidly becoming the finest in the world, and no foreigner can visit them without astonishment at the large and excited crowds that pass through them. But why are the crowds at present large and excited? Because they believe that there is something here of great value, but what it is they are not quite sure.

America has now the finest orchestras in the world and its musical audiences are the most enthusiastic. There is something in a superb orchestra which can be appreciated by a quite uncritical mind; nevertheless the enthusiasm for music in America is one of the very finest elements in contemporary American life, but I cannot call it very critical. The Metropolitan Opera in New York seems to me a disgrace; I have heard worse general performances and more beautiful individual singing there than anywhere else in the world. Contrast the audience of the opera of any small German town with the audience of the Metropolitan; in Stettin or Darmstadt, we will say, the singers may be mediocre, the orchestra small and inadequate, but the general love of music is so deep and penetrating and critical that the evening is an esthetic delight. At the Metropolitan no one seems to mind in the slightest whether the general performance is good or bad; the point is that some individual tenor shall sing his aria sensationally or that the young girl from Kansas City shall cook her own meals with her own fair hands or that the popular Austrian prima donna shall lie on her stomach while singing her favorite aria.

The spirit of sensationalism in American music bound up with an emphasis on commercial values cannot possibly be lasting. It is already passing in the attitude of the audiences to orchestral

concerts and in the appreciation of such delicate artists as Roland Hayes and the English singers, in Harold Samuel and Nicholas Orloff, and when I compare the universal enthusiasm for music with the melancholy indifference at present in my own country it is not unnatural that I should be sadly envious.

But I think when all is said that the chief element in contemporary American life of love of the arts is the increasing beauty of American homes. The majority of the towns in America are entirely hideous; they are ugly because they are grossly standardized, because they are ill-kept, because they are built apparently only for the needs of the immediate moment. And of course they must be; America is growing so fast that every town must of necessity be a moving camp, but in the four years since my last visit I have been amazed by the increase in beautiful private homes, the stability that now they are presenting and the personal individuality that is at last beginning to color them.

What does it amount to then? That the esthetic sense for its proper establishment demands a stage of development that America has not yet reached; all the signs of its advent are there, and in fifty years from now America will be, I believe, the most artistic country in the world.

The spiritual state of contemporary America is for a foreign observer the most puzzling of all; but it seems to me that the spiritual state of the world in general just now is both more interesting and puzzling than it has been in any living man's memory. It is delicate work to speak about another man's soul; it is perhaps an impertinence and in any case one must move blindly, knowing so little, guessing so often from one's own desires. The world is divided, as I suppose it has always been, between those who consider that this is the most important issue that life has to offer and those who find it of no matter at all. The very terms one uses in this question are vague and ill-defined. religion, the soul, immortality; there are many dangers besides impertinence; priggishness, complacency, egotism; but I suppose what one means when one asks oneself about the spiritual life of a nation is as to how far it is concerned with that part of its individuality that has no material aspect, neither of commercial reward nor bodily health nor worldly position.

No one who is watching America can deny but that it is deeply concerned with spiritual issues. There is no country in the world where in recent years so many excited and violent battles have been fought around these as in America. The fundamentalism quarrels, for instance, have been to Europeans quite incredible; Europe is both too lazy and too sophisticated in the present stage of its history to grow heated over the actual verities of Genesis; Europe has passed, or thinks that she has passed, so far beyond the question of the truth of evolution that she is engaged about quite other battles. In Europe, too, there is very little concern about the other man's soul; the present

eagerness of the American to save the soul of his brother seems to the average European to be an intrusion upon private rights and feelings. The European also is unable to understand the American excitement about spiritual issues, the public moral attitudes and the indifference to private excesses. He is bombarded with stories of American personal immoralities, the easiness of divorce, the results, in the larger towns at any rate, of the infringement of the prohibition laws; he cannot understand why the American is so gay and humorous about his personal infringement of moral laws and his public excitement over moral conditions, and he calls the American a hypocrite in these things. The European is moving faster and faster toward moral individual freedom, and the craze for the safety of the individual, so long as his personal action does not endanger the State, is marching ever more swiftly. But he sees the American as one who is allowed at any moment to endanger the State, who can by trickery and bribery put it over on the State to any extent that he pleases, who nevertheless is almost hysterically concerned with outward conformity to rigid laws.

This contrast between personal license and public morality is, I confess, very puzzling. I cannot understand why the majority of idealistic fine-thinking Americans endure for a moment the uncertain justice and the corrupt officialdom of a great deal of contemporary American life. Here again the explanation lies, I think, in the stage of progress that America has reached. For many, many years America has been accepting the riff-raff of Europe and nothing is more marvelous than the speed with which this heterogeneous, undefined national matter is transformed into definite American citizenship. But at the same time that this transformation is occurring new elements are pouring in; the size of the country is so vast (a fact almost never recognized sufficiently by foreign observers) that it needs a superhuman government to control it, and America has not yet achieved a superhuman government. No people in the world are more cynical about their own government than the Americans, and out of this cynicism I see an ever-growing passionate determination to create law and order and a great spiritual code.

And at the last, when all is said and done, there is the overflowing gaiety of the American nature. An American goes to Europe like a schoolboy; he lives in his own country like a man engaged at the very heart of an astonishing and always humorous adventure. To the European, tired, wise and cautious, this spirit of adventure is both enviable and exasperating. At the distance at which he is placed he cannot see the wood for the trees in the American situation; gradually, if he lives in America for a while, the sense comes to him of an enterprise greater, more exciting and with more marvelous possibilities in it than any the world has seen before, and eagerly, himself caught into the adventure almost against his will, he strains his gaze to discern the amazing future.

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Fireside Industries is a Guild of men and women who decorate giftware. Even wealthy members do it for a hobby, for the satisfaction of creating something beautiful, for its educational and cultural advantages. Hundreds of others make from \$10 to \$25 a week, selling to friends or neighbors; supplying big stores; or opening gay little gift shops, either at home or in a store. When a new Member joins Fireside Industries, he or she is first given a complete course prepared by Gabriel Andre Petit, himself a prominent artist and recently a member of the U. S. Government Commission to the Paris Exposition.



Tilt Top Table—very smart. Brings Fireside members substantial profits.

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No experience is required and the "3 step" method devised by M. Petit is so simple that your satisfaction is assured. In a few weeks you will be proficient and expert in the decoration of candlesticks, picture frames, wall plaques and bookshelves, bright wooden toys, dignified copper and brass objects, incidental furniture, book ends, vases, dolls and lamps and parchment lamp shades, batiks, textiles and greeting cards.

What Members Earn

Membership includes the privilege of buying hundreds of domestic and imported art objects, ready for decoration, at unbelievably low prices. Fireside Members are making big successes. Letters come daily saying: "I earned \$1,000 this season," or "I was swamped with orders before I completed the sixth lesson." One woman writes: "I could have sold five times as much as I had time to decorate."

A Member in Massachusetts made "\$500 the first month." These records are not unusual, for Fireside products are so appealing in their charm that they sell on sight.

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A 32-page book, beautifully illustrated in color, explains the Fireside plan, tells how to become a member, how to get full participating privileges, shows how the simplified "Three Step" Method makes it easy for anyone to learn; how others are making big successes. This book is entirely free. Mail the coupon now and enclose a 2c stamp to help pay postage.



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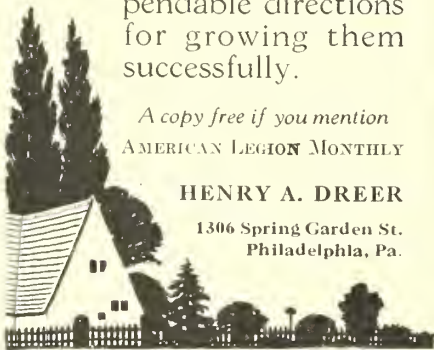
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Rush to me, 32-page book with list of U. S. Government jobs, paid positions now open to Ex-Service men. Advise me also regarding the salaries, hours, work, vacation and tell me about preference to Ex-Service men.

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Address _____

Think Ahead!

(Continued from page 6)

will pay for clean white pine lumber.

Out of such a woods, if a few thousand trees are planted every year during a term of years, the first crop, when ripe, may be taken—with care not to injure other trees—and sold at a good profit an acre.

If then, at once, new three-year seedling transplants are tucked in among the stumps, a new crop will be on its way, ready, when ripe, for the market. Meanwhile every year brings a steady and excellent revenue upon the investment as crop after crop ripens, is felled, sold, and replaced by new seedlings.

Here is perpetual revenue out of unimpaired capital.

No care is needed—except to keep weevil and blister out of white pine. Blister is controlled by destroying all gooseberry and currant bushes. Weevil, when present, requires a burning of infected terminal shoots.

The red pine, as far as we know, has no enemies. It is a fast growing, superb, valuable tree.

The Scotch pine grows even faster, anywhere—in gravel, blow-sand, or ashes. But the timber is not equal to either white or red.

The main idea is to grow, at little cost and labor, upon otherwise useless and barren land, revenue-producing forests which will remain perpetually, help conserve moisture and fertility, give refuge and food to man and beast and bird, keep springs flowing and trout brooks full, and bring back into the lives of the American people something that they are already beginning to miss—something that, unless the alarm be sounded and instantly heeded, our children shall scarcely know, and their children never know at all.

Hell to a southerner is a hot abode; Hell to a northerner an ice-berg. To an American who has known his country before imbecility and greed destroyed it, Hell is a treeless desert set with the dead bones of murdered rivers, and washed by a sewer which was once an ocean.

Saving Trees and Men

By Franklin Stetson Clark

WHEN the colony of Pennsylvania received its royal charter in 1682 it was, indeed, Penn's Woodland. Rolling hills, the moist slopes of the Alleghanies and, before it was cleared for farm land, the fertile Susquehanna Valley, gave foothold to as fine a stand of timber as might be found on the entire Atlantic seaboard. And in comparatively recent times Pennsylvania has ranked second among the States in the production of lumber. But now it produces barely enough for the needs of its second city, Pittsburgh. Wasteful lumbering methods and untrammelled operation of the law of supply and demand joined in despoiling the State's forest resources.

In Pennsylvania, The American Legion considers this forest problem significant in itself. The Pennsylvania Department also is interested in some two thousand veterans of the World War who need rehabilitation just as badly as do the State's forests. They are Pennsylvania's share of World War tuberculosis victims. Romain C. Hassrick, Chairman of The American Legion Citizens' Committee, and Dr. Henry Pleasants, Chairman of the Department's Medical Aid Committee, are prime movers in an undertaking that may, perhaps, solve not only the forest problem of Pennsylvania but that of other States as well. With the help of other influential Legionnaires in the State, they have worked out a plan which may provide a means for reforesting the State and at the same time rehabilitating sufferers from tuberculosis.

Of Pennsylvania's two thousand war veterans who are tuberculosis patients, a large percentage is composed of arrested cases. They are men who should be able to say good-bye to the hospital, and eventually resume a normal existence. But as a matter of fact, Dr. Pleasants says, a great many of them, in six months or so after they have left, come back to the hospital. In most instances it is because they have not been able to secure suitable employment. Their physical condition is such that overwork, or work under improper conditions, will bring the old complaint back.

In Dr. Pleasants' estimation, and in the estimation of Hassrick and his committee, which is made up of Legionnaires and leading citizens outside the Legion, the two problems of rehabilitating the State's forests and the partially cured tuberculous war veterans can be worked out together. The veterans need work in the open air, and work that they can shoulder gradually as health permits. The job of reforestation should provide jobs for many of these veterans to work under just such conditions.

Plans have passed beyond the tentative stage. Secretary Charles B. Dornworth of the State's Department of Forests and Waters has promised to give his support to the undertaking. This spring a number of veterans, discharged from hospital but perhaps not completely cured, will be given an opportunity to show what they can do at forest work. Some of them may

eventually be able to qualify as forest rangers. This much of the plan is sure. The Legion is going to select the veterans, a mere handful at first, who will be the first to launch out in the undertaking. At a meeting in Philadelphia the Citizens' Committee and the Medical Aid Committee appointed sub-committees to select the veterans, to look into the problem of supplying them cabins in which to live, and to work out the entire program.

Chairman Hassrick says that some cabins will be provided for the veterans, because several of the larger posts in the State have already agreed to see this much of the program through. And whatever else happens, the Legion already has 258 acres of cut-over land in the Pocono region which has been dedicated to it as a laboratory for testing and working out the plan should it develop that the land is suitable for the purpose. The first men selected for forest work probably will go to this tract.

Then and Now

(Continued from page 42)

Roberts and Frank Schwab. Twenty battle deaths in one engagement.

"As a result of this same action, four of the wounded died, making a total casualty list of twenty-four men killed and twenty-four wounded.

"Sometime about the last week in February, 1920, the 27th Infantry had some men killed in Siberia. I have the names of these men somewhere but cannot locate the list at this time. Perhaps some buddy of the 27th Infantry can furnish detailed information regarding this action. As our troops were not all withdrawn from Siberia until April 1, 1920, there may have been later engagements.

"From the facts I submit, it is logical to assume that the last shots fired by American troops were no doubt fired by some 'Wolfhound' of the 27th or 31st Infantry Regiments.

"I am enclosing some pictures taken in Siberia of places which will be familiar to former 'Wolfhounds'—particularly one of Kopeck Hill which has been mentioned several times in Then and Now in connection with activities of the A. E. F. in Siberia. At the time this picture was taken, Russian roubles, normally worth about seventy-seven cents, were down to about eleven cents, and many a rouble was spent in this locality for refreshments and entertainment."

The picture of far-famed Kopeck Hill mentioned by Comrade Whittaker is reproduced on page 42. A kopeck, by the way, was also a Russian coin, worth a hundredth of a rouble.

IOWA and Michigan men, attention! Thomas D. Wilson, Executive Secretary of the State of Iowa Bonus Board, reports that a number of Iowa bonus warrants or original discharge certificates of veterans whose homes were in Iowa (Continued on page 70)

"I Had a Waistline Like His. I Got Rid of It in Less Than 35 Days—"



"I reduced from 48 inches to 38 inches in 35 days," says R. E. Johnson of Akron, O., "just by wearing a Director Belt. My stomach is now firm, doesn't sag and I feel fine."



LET us prove to you, without you risking a penny, that you can quickly, easily and surely rid yourself of a bulging waistline. Let us prove that you can instantly redistribute the excess fat in such a way that the pulling-down weight is removed from the muscle structure of the stomach and properly placed where it is correctly supported, giving you freedom of movement and natural grace you have not known for years.

Slip the DIRECTOR On—That's All

The Director is made to your measure all in one piece, of finest mercerized web elastic. There are no buckles, laces or straps to bother with. It is light and compact and is worn with perfect ease and comfort. You are not troubled with sagging trousers, vest creeping up and wrinkled coat in business hours. It improves any man's appearance in a dress suit.

With every step you take, with every movement of the body, the Director gently kneads and massages the abdominal muscles, dispersing the fatty deposits until they are finally absorbed. The tension on the stretched and flabby muscles is relieved, for the heavy abdomen is actually supported from the back. The muscle structure in front is held firmly, strengthened and restored. The constant, gentle massaging permits no more fat to form.

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"It's comfortable and I like it," is a statement made in hundreds of letters in our files. Let us prove our claims. We will send a Director for trial. If you don't get results you owe nothing.

Use the coupon below, or just write a postcard asking for our free trial offer, and we will include descriptive literature, doctors' endorsements, instructions for self-measurement and letters from Director wearers.

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Waistline is inches thinner with Director

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WHAT YOU DO—

SEND A DOLLAR with Name and Address, and brief note telling us something about yourself.

Simply state: (1) how long at address, (2) age, (3) married or single, (4) name and address of employer, (5) nature of work, (6) how long in employ.

All information held strictly confidential—no direct inquiries to employer.

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Upon arrival of your order, we will open a 10 month Charge Account and send selection for approval and 15 DAY TRIAL. If satisfied, pay \$2.75 monthly; otherwise return and dollar will be refunded.

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Rush to me, entirely free of charge, 32 page book with: (1) A full description of the position checked below; (2) A list of U. S. Government Jobs obtainable; (3) Send full information describing preference to ex-service men.

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— Postoffice Clerk	\$1700 to \$2300
— City Mail Carrier	\$1700 to \$2100
— Rural Mail Carrier	\$2100 to \$3300
— General Clerk	\$1140 to \$1850

Name _____

Then and Now

(Continued from page 69)

when they entered service, are being held unclaimed. A list of these Iowans or former Iowans, with the last known addresses for them, is listed below and they are requested to write to Mr. Wilson at his office in Des Moines:

BOLTON, James, Ottumwa, Ia.; BRADBURN, John L., New Orleans, La.; BUNTING, James E., Philadelphia, Pa.; CASEY, John R., Fort Missoula, Mont.; COYLE, John J., Sheldon, Ia.; CULBERT, John, Jackson, Mich.; DONNIGAN, Joseph J., Blytheville, Ark.; EVANS, John, Marshall, Minn.; FORTNER, Clair V., Los Angeles, Calif.; GRUNERT, George E., Ames, Ia.; HARRISON, Clarence L., San Francisco, Calif.; HOOL, James C., Aberdeen, S. D.; HORACEK, Ladis, Lincoln, Nebr.; JENSEN, Chester S., San Francisco, Calif.; JURGENSEN, Harry J., Clinton, Ia.; KIPP, Thomas M., Tulare, Calif.; LAMPMAN, Charles E., Portland, Ore.; LEE, Ivar M., Duluth, Minn.; MONROE, Clarence K., Lake View, Ia.; O'MALLEY, Laurence, Nevada, Ia.; OWENS, Carrie, Oakland, Calif.; PALUTZKE, Minnie, Glendale, Calif.; RASMUSSEN, Jens E., Fairfax, Ia.; SCHMURK, Frank B., Crookston, Nebr.; SELF, Frank A., Omaha, Nebr.; SMITH, Rendon V., New Orleans, La.; SOUTHWORTH, Fred, Silver City, New Mex.; WILSON, George F., Madison, Wis.

From R. S. Dean, Chief of the Bonus Division, Adjutant General's Office, State of Michigan, Lansing, we are furnished with the following list of men whose original discharge certificates have been returned unclaimed. These men are requested to report their present addresses to Mr. Dean:

BISEL, William James; BRAZEAU, Joseph, EMERY, Nelson B.; FERKEL, Henry G.; FREEDMAN, Jack; KIMMER, Earl; McLAUGHLIN, James; O'Riordan, Joseph P.; PRIOR, John; REINELT, Fred; STEGER, Fred J.; WALL, Thomas; WILSON, Winfield, R.

LAST month we mentioned in these columns the fact that a number of Legion posts in New York City are composed largely of men all from one service outfit and bear the old service

designations as the names of the posts. Some of these posts are interested not only in getting as members all of the men of the old outfits who reside in or near the city, but also in keeping up to date rosters of all former members of the outfits.

One such outfit in the 304th Field Artillery Post and David D. Levinson has requested the Company Clerk to broadcast an appeal to all men who served with the 304th Field Artillery during the World War to send their names and addresses to the 304th Field Artillery Post, 27 West 25th Street, New York.

Other notices of interest to veterans follow:

FOURTH DIV.—It is planned to revive the divisional paper, *Ivy Leaves*, and to hold several functions including a reunion this year. All former Fourth Division men are requested to write to Benj. Getzoff, chmn., membership comm., 10 North Clark st., Chicago, Ill.

104TH U. S. INF. VET. ASSOC.—All former members of the 104th Inf. are requested to send their present addresses and present status to Lawrence A. Wagner, adjt., 201 Oak st., Holyoke, Mass.

328TH INF. ASSN.—Members who have lost contact with former buddies write to Arnold Slomka, secy-treas., 16 Bay 29th st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

312TH F. A. ASSOC.—Second reunion and banquet Feb. 11 at the Stephen Girard Hotel, 20th and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia, Pa. Address M. F. Torpey, 5729 Springfield ave., Philadelphia.

BTY, C. 64TH ART., C. A. C.—Annual reunion Feb. 18-19 at Chicago, Ill. Address H. E. (Sudds) Sutherland, 434 West 43rd st., Indianapolis, Ind.

NAVAL AVIATION FORCES AT ST. INGELVERT, FRANCE, AND FIELD A.—Former members interested in a proposed reunion address H. C. Carpenter, Southern Pacific Co., San Miguel, Calif.

C. P. W. E. No. 1, ST. PIERRE DES CORPS.—Former members of this prison camp outfit interested in proposed reunion, address Boas E. Bigson, Hoxie, Ark.

THE COMPANY CLERK.

Keeping Step

(Continued from page 40)

he wrote a book which is possibly the most useful and most compact source of general information on America's part in the World War.

Mr. Ayres is Commander of Army and Navy Post in Cleveland. He went to the Paris convention and was one of the 250 Legionnaires representing all departments who took part in the National Commander's Tour after the convention. Mr. Ayres gave a statistician's description of his trip, at a luncheon of the Reserve Officers Association in Cleveland and Legionnaire James P. Harrell told the Step Keeper about it. Here is Ayres' summary of his trip:

Countries visited, 7; cities visited, 16; times "Star-Spangled Banner" listened to, 74; times other national anthems listened to, 74; number of wreaths laid, 0; number of welcoming speeches, 53; answers to welcoming speeches, 41; yards of red carpet walked on, 1,762; pairs of red plush draperies passed through, 23; sets of palms marched be-

tween, 10; hours spent standing with heads uncovered, 26; days spent on trip, 31; kings and queens met, 5; audiences with Pope, 1; palaces paraded through, 32; troops passed in parade on review, 18,900; bands listened to, 118; rainy days, 0; presents purchased, 26; number of toasts drunk, 111; presidents met, 1; prefects and mayors met, 22; generals met, 58; generals looked at, 216; military medals and decorations seen, 11,428; meals at which chicken could have been served, 62; meals with chicken served, 53; meals at which coffee was served, 88; meals at which coffee was good, 1; number of persons tipped, 310; regrets on sailing for home, many.

Tell It With Photos

IN this age of specialization, The American Legion post which doesn't include among its officers a Post Photographer is overlooking a chance to let the rest of the world know what it is

doing. A Post Photographer can help along any post's activities in countless ways—by taking photographs of all important post events, for example.

The Monthly's \$250 Prize Photograph Competition has brought in hundreds of pictures from posts scattered throughout the whole United States, but there is still a chance for any post to make a bid for the main prize of \$100 for the best photograph submitted before April 15, 1928, for publication in the Keeping Step department of the Monthly, or for one of the fourteen other prizes ranging from \$50 to \$5.

Squadrons for Relief

NATIONAL Commander Edward E. Spafford submitted a plan for nation-wide disaster rescue and relief work to the Commanders and Adjutants of all departments who met in conference at Indianapolis in December. The plan, which carries out the terms of a resolution adopted by the Paris convention, calls for early organization by posts, departments and National Headquarters of a system under which every community, state or national disaster will find the Legion ready to meet it. Such a system would be founded upon the formation of a local emergency unit by each Legion post and the correlation of the work of local units under departmental and regional leadership. Under National Commander Spafford's plan, the country would be divided into five areas, each composed of a group of States and each under the leadership of a National Vice Commander.

The local emergency units are expected to assemble immediately upon pre-arranged signal—ordinarily a bell or whistle in smaller communities—and the members are automatically to carry out the tasks assigned to them individually in advance, depending on the character of the emergency. Each unit is expected to enter into an understanding with the public authorities of its community, so that the whole community may know just how the Legion will come into action.

Each local unit will be asked to compile a list of owners agreeing to contribute automobiles should a need for

them develop, and to compile lists of physicians and hospitals.

The indorsement of the National Emergency Plan was only one feature of the three-day conference in Indianapolis. Other features were; the outlining of concerted membership campaigns in all departments designed to give the Legion in 1928 the largest enrollment it has yet had; the presentation of reports indicating that most of the Legion's major legislative objectives at this session of Congress probably will be attained; the proposal of a national plan under which the graves of all World War veterans shall be registered; the adoption of a resolution urging that Congress make mandatory the provision of law entitling any veteran to free hospitalization regardless of whether disability is service-connected; and the adoption of a resolution expressing opposition to any raise in national dues.

Walton D. Hood, Commander of the Department of Texas, explained to the conference the plans of the whole State of Texas for the 1928 national convention at San Antonio. One unusual feature is a concession from the railroads permitting special American Legion trains to enter the State by one route and leave by another, making possible entertainment in many Texas cities.

Legionnaire Contributors

A NEWCOMER among Legionnaire contributors to the Monthly is Grover F. Sexton, whose article, "Telling the World," explains a national enterprise initiated by his own outfit in the Forty and Eight, Voiture 220 of Chicago, Illinois. Mr. Sexton is a Past Commander of Sheridan Post of Chicago. He was one of the organizers of The American Legion in Illinois and took part in the St. Louis caucus.

Marquis James, author of "First Families," is a member of S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City. Alexander A. Gardiner is a member of Rau-Locke Post of Hartford, Connecticut. The illustrations for "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" are the work of Lowell L. Balcom, a member of Fitzsimmons Post of Kansas City, Missouri.

RIGHT GUIDE

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P. O. Box 1357, Indianapolis, Indiana

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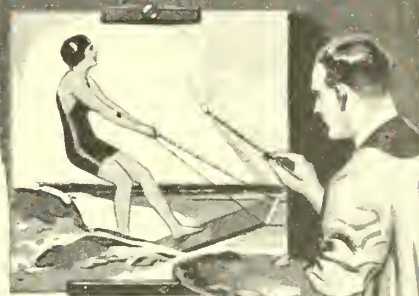
My new address is _____
Street or R. F. D. _____

Town _____ State _____

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Here is an interesting, easy way to learn if your talent is worth developing. Send for our Art Ability Questionnaire, prepared by successful artists to test your natural sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc. You can do this without obligation, and you will be frankly told what your score is. We will also send you our book, "YOUR FUTURE," showing work by Federal Students and describing the Course in detail.

Investigate! Send coupon now for your questionnaire. Please state age and occupation.



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(Write your address plainly in margin)

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A Personal View

(Continued from page 33)

studied, kept their eye on the top sergeant, not to mention that they may have kept their thoughts to themselves. Some of the pioneers are now in their second and third terms. Such men as Royal Johnson and Lamar Jeffers and Clarence McLeod (who was the youngest member ever elected when he first came) begin to count in going over the legislative top. Tydings of Maryland has been promoted to the Senate, of which he is next to the youngest member. Past Department Commander J. Mitchell Chase of Pennsylvania is among the newcomers this year. Legionnaire friends went to Washington to give him a testimonial when Congress met.

Numbers were reinforced in this Congress and heavier reinforcements are sure to come in the next. A new generation is rising out of the World War ranks where they learned, in harder than political campaigning, what the big dome under the searchlights stands for. If they can't do a better job than their predecessors then something has slipped in them since 1917-'18, and the top sergeants will feel that they trained those rookies in vain.

THOSE IN APPOINTIVE offices. It is no surprise that "Fighting Bill" Donovan is making good as assistant attorney

There Are Others

general. He was an able lawyer before he went to war and did not forget how to be one while he was fighting in France. He has the D. S. C., the D. S. M., and the Congressional Medal as you may find out from the records. He never mentions it. Davis and MacNider at the War Department. The Democrats say they have just as good men to take their places if they win the next election.

LINDBERGH DID START something. Airplane factories have more orders than they can fill; twelve hundred would-be

The Ball Rolls Fast

cadets seek a place in the Army air schools when there is room for only two hundred. All towns with airports rejoice in their foresight. Now is the time for other towns to get in line for the summer with provisions for the coming air fleet.

The Legend of Sleepy Hollow

(Continued from page 13)

termed, "sparking" within, all other suitors passed by in despair, and carried the war into other quarters.

Such was the formidable rival with whom Ichabod Crane had to contend, and, considering all things, a stouter man than he would have shrunk from the competition, and a wiser man would have despaired. He had, however, a happy mixture of pliability and perseverance in his nature; he was in form and spirit like a supple-jack—yielding, but tough; though he bent, he never broke; and though he bowed beneath the slightest pressure, yet, the moment it was away—jerk! he was erect, and carried his head as high as ever.

To have taken the field openly against his rival would have been madness; for he was not a man to be thwarted in his amours, any more than that stormy lover, Achilles. Ichabod, therefore, made his advances in a quiet and gently-insinuating manner. Under cover of his character of singing-master, he made frequent visits at the farmhouse; not that he had any thing to apprehend from the meddlesome interference of parents, which is so often a stumbling-block in the path of lovers. Balt Van Tassel was an easy indulgent soul; he loved his daughter better even than his pipe, and, like a reasonable man and an excellent father, let her have her way in every thing. His notable little wife, too, had enough to do to attend to her housekeeping and

manage her poultry; for, as she sagely observed, ducks and geese are foolish things, and must be looked after, but girls can take care of themselves. Thus while the busy dame bustled about the house, or plied her spinning-wheel at one end of the piazza, honest Balt would sit smoking his evening pipe at the other, watching the achievements of a little wooden warrior, who, armed with a sword in each hand, was most valiantly fighting the wind on the pinnacle of the barn. In the mean time, Ichabod would carry on his suit with the daughter by the side of the spring under the great elm, or sauntering along in the twilight, that hour so favorable to the lover's eloquence.

I profess not to know how women's hearts are wooed and won. To me they have always been matters of riddle and admiration. Some seem to have but one vulnerable point, or door of access; while others have a thousand avenues, and may be captured in a thousand different ways. It is a great triumph of skill to gain the former, but a still greater proof of generalship to maintain possession of the latter, for the man must battle for his fortress at every door and window. He who wins a thousand common hearts is therefore entitled to some renown; but he who keeps undisputed sway over the heart of a coquette, is indeed a hero. Certain it is, this was not the case with the redoubtable Brom Bones; and from the

moment Ichabod Crane made his advances, the interests of the former evidently declined; his horse was no longer seen tied at the palings on Sunday nights, and a deadly feud gradually arose between him and the preceptor of Sleepy Hollow.

Brom, who had a degree of rough chivalry in his nature, would fain have carried matters to open warfare, and have settled their pretensions to the lady, according to the mode of those most concise and simple reasoners, the knights-errant of yore—by single combat; but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary to enter the lists against him: he had overheard a boast of Bones, that he would "double the schoolmaster up, and lay him on a shelf of his own school-house;" and he was too wary to give him an opportunity. There was something extremely provoking in this obstinately pacific system; it left Brom no alternative but to draw upon the funds of rustic waggery in his disposition, and to play off boorish practical jokes upon his rival. Ichabod became the object of whimsical persecution to Bones, and his gang of rough riders. They harried his hitherto peaceful domains; smoked out his singing school, by stopping up the chimney; broke into the school-house at night, in spite of its formidable fastenings of withe and window stakes, and turned every thing topsy-turvy: so that the poor schoolmaster began to think all the witches in the country held their meetings there. But what was still more annoying, Brom took all opportunities of turning him into ridicule in presence of his mistress, and had a scoundrel dog whom he taught to whine in the most ludicrous manner, and introduced as a rival of Ichabod's to instruct her in psalmody.

In this way matters went on for some time, without producing any material effect on the relative situation of the contending powers. On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferule, that sceptre of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails, behind the throne, a constant terror to evil doers; while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband articles and prohibited weapons, detected upon the persons of idle urchins; such as half-munched apples, popguns, whirligigs, fly-cages, and whole legions of rampant little paper game-cocks. Apparently there had been some appalling act of justice recently inflicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master; and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the school-room. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro, in tow-cloth jacket and trousers, a round-crowned fragment of a hat, like the cap of Mercury, and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came

clattering up to the school door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merry-making or "quilting frolic," to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's; and having delivered his message with that air of importance, and effort at fine language, which a negro is apt to display on petty embassies of the kind, he dashed over the brook, and was seen scampering away up the hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet school-room. The scholars were hurried through their lessons, without stopping at trifles; those who were nimble skipped over half with impunity, and those who were tardy had a smart application now and then in the rear, to quicken their speed, or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves, inkstands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time, bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green, in joy at their early emancipation.

The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best, and indeed only suit of rusty black, and arranging his looks by a bit of broken looking-glass, that hung up in the school-house. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciliated, a choleric old Dutchman, of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and, thus gallantly mounted, issued forth, like a knight-errant in quest of adventures. But it is meet I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some account of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed. The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plough-horse, that had outlived almost every thing but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burrs; one eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral; but the other the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from the name he bore of Gunpowder. He had, in fact, been a favorite steed of his master's, the choleric Van Ripper, who was a furious rider, and had infused, very probably, some of his own spirit into the animal; for, old and broken-down as he looked, there was more of the lurking devil in him than in any young filly in the country.

Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers'; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a sceptre, and, as his horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead (Continued on page 75)



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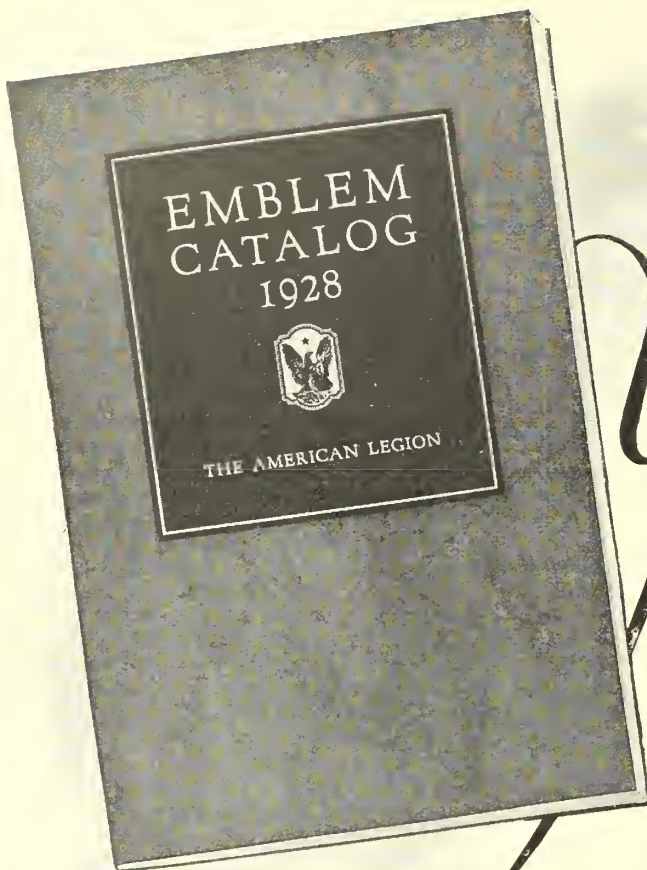


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The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

The Legend of Sleepy Hollow

(Continued from page 73)

might be called; and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed, as they shambled out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper, and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day, the sky was clear and serene, and nature wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighboring stubble-field.

The small birds were taking their farewell banquets. In the fulness of their revelry, they fluttered, chirping and frolicking, from bush to bush, and tree to tree, capricious from the very profusion and variety around them. There was the honest cock-robin, the favorite game of stripling sportsmen, with its loud querulous note; and the twittering blackbirds flying in sable clouds; and the golden-winged woodpecker, with his crimson crest, his broad black gorget, and splendid plumage; and the cedar bird, with its red-tipt wings and yellow-tipt tail, and its little montero cap of feathers; and the blue jay, that noisy coxcomb, in his gay light-blue coat and white underclothes; screaming and chattering, nodding and bobbing and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songster of the grove.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast stores of apples; some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees; some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market; others heaped up in rich piles for the cider-press. Farther on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty pudding; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round bellies to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields, breathing the odor of the bee-hive, and as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slapjacks, well buttered, and garnished with honey or treacle, by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel.

Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and "sugared supposi-

tions," he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down into the west. The wide bosom of the Tappan Zee lay motionless and glassy, excepting that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid-heaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark-gray and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast; and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water, it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air.

It was toward evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of Heer Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country. Old farmers, a spare leathern-faced race, in home-spun coats and breeches, blue stockings, huge shoes, and magnificent pewter buckles. Their brisk withered little dames, in close crimped caps, long-waisted shortgowns, home-spun petticoats, with scissors and pin-cushions, and gay calico pockets hanging on the outside. Buxom lasses, almost as antiquated as their mothers, excepting where a straw hat, a fine ribbon, or perhaps a white frock, gave symptoms of city innovation. The sons, in short square-skirted coats with rows of stupendous brass buttons, and their hair generally queued in the fashion of the times, especially if they could procure an eel-skin for the purpose, it being esteemed, throughout the country, as a potent nourisher and strengthener of the hair.

Brom Bones, however, was the hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his favorite steed Daredevil, a creature, like himself, full of mettle and mischief, and which no one but himself could manage. He was, in fact, noted for preferring vicious animals, given to all kinds of tricks, which kept the rider in constant risk of his neck, for he held a tractable well-broken horse as unworthy of a lad of spirit.

Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of charms that burst upon the enraptured gaze of my hero, as he entered the state parlor of Van Tassel's mansion. Not those of the bevy of buxom lasses, with their luxurious display of red and white; but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea-table, in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped-up platters of cakes of various and (Continued on page 76)

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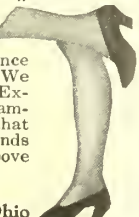
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The Legend of Sleepy Hollow

(Continued from page 75)

almost indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! There was the doughty doughnut, the tender oly koek, and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet cakes and short cakes, ginger cakes and honey cakes, and the whole family of cakes. And then there were apple pies and peach pies and pumpkin pies; besides slices of ham and smoked beef; and moreover delectable dishes of preserved plums, and peaches, and pears, and quinces; not to mention broiled shad and roasted chickens; together with bowls of milk and cream, all mingled higgledy-piggledy, pretty much as I have enumerated them, with the motherly tea-pot sending up its clouds of vapor from the midst—Heaven bless the mark! I want breath and time to discuss this banquet as it deserves, and am too eager to get on with my story. Happily, Ichabod Crane was not in so great a hurry as his historian, but did ample justice to every dainty.

He was a kind and thankful creature, whose heart dilated in proportion as his skin was filled with good cheer; and whose spirits rose with eating as some men's do with drink. He could not help, too, rolling his large eyes round him as he ate, and chuckling with the possibility that he might one day be lord of all this scene of almost unimaginable luxury and splendor. Then, he thought, how soon he'd turn his back upon the old school-house; snap his fingers in the face of Hans Van Ripper, and every other niggardly patron, and kick any itinerant pedagogue out of doors that should dare to call him comrade!

Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his guests with a face dilated with content and good humor, round and jolly as the harvest moon. His hospitable attentions, were brief but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud laugh, and a pressing invitation to "fall to, and help themselves."

And now the sound of the music from the common room, or hall, summoned to the dance. The musician was an old grayheaded negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighborhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of the head; bowing almost to the ground, and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fibre about him was idle; and to have seen his loosely hung frame in full motion, and clattering about the room, you would have thought Saint Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was figuring be-

fore you in person. He was the admiration of all the negroes; who, having gathered, of all ages and sizes, from the farm and the neighborhood, stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces at every door and window, gazing with delight at the scene, rolling their white eye-balls, and showing grinning rows of ivory from ear to ear. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous? The lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiling graciously in reply to all his amorous oglings; while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner.

When the dance was at an end, Ichabod was attracted to a knot of the sager folks, who, with old Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over former times, and drawing out long stories about the war.

This neighborhood, at the time of which I am speaking, was one of those highly-favored places which abound with chronicle and great men. The British and American line had run near it during the war; it had, therefore, been the scene of marauding, and infested with refugees, cowboys, and all kinds of border chivalry. Just sufficient time had elapsed to enable each storyteller to dress up his tale with a little becoming fiction, and, in the indistinctness of his recollection, to make himself the hero of every exploit.

There was the story of Doffue Martling, a large blue-bearded Dutchman, who had nearly taken a British frigate with an old iron nine-pounder from a mud breastwork, only that his gun burst at the sixth discharge. And there was an old gentleman who shall be nameless, being too rich a mynheer to be lightly mentioned, who, in the battle of White-plains, being an excellent master of defence, parried a musket ball with a small sword, inasmuch that he absolutely felt it whiz round the blade, and glance off at the hilt; in proof of which, he was ready at any time to show the sword, with the hilt a little bent. There were several more that had been equally great in the field, not one of whom but was persuaded that he had a considerable hand in bringing the war to a happy termination.

But all these were nothing to the tales of ghosts and apparitions that succeeded. The neighborhood is rich in legendary treasures of the kind. Local tales and superstitions thrive best in these sheltered long-settled retreats; but are trampled under foot by the shifting throng that forms the population of most of our country places. Besides, there is no encouragement for ghosts in most of our villages, for they have scarcely had time to finish their first nap, and turn themselves in their graves, before their surviving friends have travelled away from the neighborhood; so that when they turn out at night to

walk their rounds, they have no acquaintance left to call upon. This is perhaps the reason why we so seldom hear of ghosts except in our long-established Dutch communities.

The immediate cause, however, of the prevalence of supernatural stories in these parts, was doubtless owing to the vicinity of Sleepy Hollow. There was a contagion in the very air that blew from that haunted region; it breathed forth an atmosphere of dreams and fancies infecting all the land. Several of the Sleepy Hollow people were present at Van Tassel's, and, as usual, were doling out their wild and wonderful legends. Many dismal tales were told about funeral trains, and mourning cries and wailings heard and seen about the great tree where the unfortunate Major Andre was taken, and which stood in the neighborhood. Some mention was made also of the woman in white, that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favorite spectre of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had been heard several times of late, patrolling the country; and, it was said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard.

The sequestered situation of this church seems always to have made it a favorite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll, surrounded by locust-trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent whitewashed walls shine modestly forth, like Christian purity beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which, peeps may be caught at the blue hills of the Hudson. To look upon its grass-grown yard, where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there at least the dead might rest in peace. On one side of the church extends a wide woody dell, along which raves a large brook among broken rocks and trunks of fallen trees. Over a deep black part of the stream, not far from the church, was formerly thrown a wooden bridge; the road that led to it, and the bridge itself, were thickly shaded by overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it, even in the daytime; but occasioned a fearful darkness at night. This was one of the favorite haunts of the headless horseman; and the place where he was most frequently encountered. The tale was told of old Brouwer, a most heretical disbeliever in ghosts, how he met the horseman returning from his foray into Sleepy Hollow, and was obliged to get up behind him; how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge; when the horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw old Brouwer into the brook, and sprang away over the tree-tops with a clap of thunder.

This story was immediately matched by a thrice marvellous adventure of Brom Bones, (Continued on page 78)

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The Legend of Sleepy Hollow

(Continued from page 77)

who made light of the galloping Hessian as an arrant jockey. He affirmed that, on returning one night from the neighboring village of Sing Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper; that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and should have won it too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but, just as they came to the church-bridge, the Hessian bolted and vanished in a flash of fire.

All these tales, told in that drowsy undertone with which men talk in the dark, the countenances of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sank deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with large extracts from his invaluable author. Cotton Mather, and added many marvellous events that had taken place in his native State of Connecticut, and fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about Sleepy Hollow.

The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads, and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favorite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter until they gradually died away—and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a tete-a-tete with the heiress, fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for in fact I do not know. Something, however, I fear me, must have gone wrong, for he certainly sallied forth, after no very great interval, with an air quite desolate and chop-fallen.—Oh these women! these women! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks?—Was her encouragement of the poor pedagogue all a mere sham to secure her conquest of his rival?—Heaven only knows, not I!—Let it suffice to say, Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a hen-roost, rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth, on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks, roused his steed most uncourtously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains of corn and oats, and whole valleys of timothy and clover.

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crest-fallen, pursued his travel homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself.

Far below him, the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop, riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight, he could even hear the barking of the watch dog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give him an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farmhouse away among the hills—but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bull-frog, from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon, now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the centre of the road stood an enormous tulip-tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled, and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate Andre, who had been taken prisoner hard by; and was universally known by the name of Major Andre's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights and doleful lamentations told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle; he thought his whistle was answered—it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white, hanging in the midst of the tree—he paused and ceased whistling; but on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan—his teeth chattered and his knees smote against the saddle: it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly-

wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grape-vines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate Andre was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the schoolboy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot: it was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder bushes. The school-master now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffing and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveller.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents—"who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and, with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this

strange midnight companion, and be-thought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the Galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed, in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind—the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavored to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion, that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveller in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck, on perceiving that he was headless!—but his horror was still more increased, on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of the saddle: his terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hopping, by a sudden movement, to give his companion the slip—but the spectre started full jump with him. Away then they dashed, through thick and thin; stones flying, and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long, lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story, and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskilful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got half way through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and had just time to save himself by claspng old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind—for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears; the goblin was hard on his haunches; and (unskilful rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain his seat; sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's backbone, with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook (Continued on page 80)

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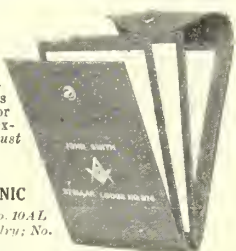
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The Legend of Sleepy Hollow

(Continued from page 79)

told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones's ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash—he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider, passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast—dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the school-house, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook; but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod, and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor of his estate, examined the bundle which contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half; two stocks for the neck; a pair or two of worsted stockings; an old pair of corduroy small-clothes; a rusty razor; a book of psalm tunes, full of dogs' ears; and a broken pitchpipe. As to the books and furniture of the school-house, they belonged to the community, excepting Cotton Mather's History of Witchcraft, a New England Almanac, and a book of dreams and fortune-telling, in which last was a sheet of foolscap much scribbled and blotted in several fruitless attempts to make a copy of verses in honor of the heiress of Van Tassel. These magic books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper; who from that time forward determined to send his

children no more to school; observing, that he never knew any good come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the schoolmaster possessed, and he had received his quarter's pay but a day or two before, he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others, were called to mind; and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him. The school was removed to a different quarter of the hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

It is true, an old farmer, who had been down to New York on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighborhood, partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper, and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country; had kept school and studied law at the same time, had been admitted to the bar, turned politician, electioneered, written for the newspapers, and finally had been made a justice of the Ten Pound Court. Brom Bones too, who shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin; which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

The old country wives, however, who are the best judges of these matters, maintain to this day that Ichabod was spirited away by supernatural means; and it is a favorite story often told about the neighborhood round the winter evening fire. The bridge became more than ever an object of superstitious awe, and that may be the reason why the road has been altered of late years, so as to approach the church by the border of the mill-pond. The school-house being deserted, soon fell to decay, and was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the unfortunate pedagogue; and the ploughboy, loitering homeward of a still summer evening, has often fancied his voice at a distance, chanting a melancholy psalm tune among the tranquil solitudes of Sleepy Hollow.

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